THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 28

THE ORPHAN.

BY "VALERIA."

She leans against the rich man's wall,
In wretched clothes, all frayed and worn;
And all about her bears the mark
Of what this hapless child has borne.

She stretches forth a shivering arm,
And asks for alms with weary voice;
Stop, do not pass her quickly by,
For begging 's not her willing choice.

Perhaps some thoughts of days long past,
Some memories fond around her cling;
Though now she has no food, no home—
No friends to love, no anything.

Then pass her not, for the heart that aches
Death will release from pain and care;
Safe at last, with the ones she loved,
She'll ask no alms of the rich man there.

LOVE FOR A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

MARK was strangely silent; but, as I remembered, great emotion often causes silence. I could not see him, for he had drawn me to him. I could only stand still, folded in his close embrace, and murmur to him all the loving words that came from my heart—how I had yearned for him—how long the days, the weeks, the months and years had been—how I had thought of him unceasingly—how, feeling sure that he was in heaven, I had made heaven the home of my heart—how I had been in many places and had seen many men, but there was none like him, none to be compared with him. All the loving thoughts that had ever passed through my mind were poured out like water beneath his feet. The wind faintly stirred the green boughs above our heads, the birds were singing blithely, and I could hear my own voice rippling on, but not his—not his!

A gust of wind blew a lilac-spray right into my face. I seized it and kissed it passionately.

"How strange, Mark, that you should come back to me in the time of the lilacs! They seem almost like living friends. But, Mark, speak to me. I say all; you say nothing. Speak to me."

Still I could not see his face.

"Great sorrow made me dumb, Mark," I said; "great joy gives me words. Tell me that you are pleased to see me, to find me."

"Nellie, my true, loving Nellie!" he said.

And I was content. Oh, wondrous love! I was content and happy. I too stood for some minutes in silence, the dark, handsome, beloved face bending over mine.

"I believe those happy birds know all about it, Mark," I said. "Hark how they are singing! If I had known what to day would bring, how I should have longed for it to come. Oh, Mark, what a debt you have to pay me! What hours I have spent in praying for you! What tears I have shed! You must repay me all those prayers and tears. Mark, raise your head and let me look at you. Do you know that I have hardly seen your face yet?"

But for all answer he drew me nearer to him, and whispered—

"My dear loving Nellie!"

I was quite content, safe in the shelter of his arms, my happy face resting on his breast.

"Do you know, Mark," I said, "I was so sure you would come back to me in July, when the four years were ended, that I spent the greater part of every day, while the month lasted, under the trees? Since the world began no woman ever loved more truly than I love you. I am proud of my faith, Mark—proud of my unswerving truth—proud that I knew and understood you so well—proud that no shadow of doubt has ever dimmed the sun of my great love."

Still he was strangely silent, and the fiery passion of my words was wearing away. I wanted the dear lips to lavish love on me, as mine had on him.

"Mark, look at me!" I cried, in a rapture of loving impatience. "It seemed to me, as you came along, that you were sad and melancholy. Look at me. See the love that beams in my face and in my eyes for you."

But his head drooped lower, and he drew me nearer to him.

A thought came to me that possibly he had been ill, and I know how illness changes people. Yes, he had been ill, and seeing me had been too much for him. Perhaps if he could have expressed his emotion in a torrent of words as I had done, he would have been better.

"Mark," I said, "look at me; let me see your face. I am beginning to fear that you are ill."

He raised his head, and once more the dark eyes looked into my own. Ah me, the face was changed! The youth, the hope, the brightness had gone; it was pale, careworn, wistful. But the eyes had their old power over me.

"Have you been ill, Mark?" I asked anxiously.

"No," he replied, "not in body; I have been in mind."

"I will cheer you and make you better. When, when you went away, your face was bright and brave! What has changed it?"

Was I mistaken, or could it have been a moan that had fallen from his lips?

"Mark," I cried, "you have been in sore trouble, I am afraid; but it is all over now. We shall never be parted again. Why—why do you not speak to me as I speak to you?"—and again my trembling burning hands clung to him, again the tears rained from my eyes, and the passionate love of my heart found expression in whispered words.

Ah me, he was strangely silent! And it seemed to me, now that the first shock of surprise was over, that the figure to which I clung was growing rigid.

"Oh, my love," I cried, "speak to me—to me, Nellie Chester, your wife who is to be, the one woman in the world who loves you with a great love! Why do you not speak to me, Mark?"

"I have not recovered from my surprise, Nellie," he said.

"Surprise?" I repeated. "Why, Mark, you knew I was here, did you not?"

"No, Nellie; I had not the faintest idea of it," he replied.

"You did not know that I was here? You did not come purposely to find me?" I cried.

"No," he answered sadly, turning his face from me.

"Then," I asked, in wonder, "why did you come? What brought you here?"

He looked at me, and I saw how full of agitation and distress his face was.

"Nellie," he said gently, "will you tell me what brings you here?"

"Do you not know?" I asked.

"I do not. I cannot even imagine," he replied.

"I am living here as companion to Lady Yorke," I said. "I waited in the old home at Gracedieu until the four years were over. I lived alone, longing, hoping against hope for news of you every day, afraid to go away lest you should come during my absence."

He laid his hand caressingly on my head, and the horrible chill that had begun to creep through my veins ceased.

"My sweet, loyal Nellie!" he said; but in some vague way the words seemed forced from him.

"Then, you see, Mark," I went on, happy from the caress of his dear hand, "my money was gone, and I was obliged to seek a home. I have been as happy here as I could be anywhere in the world without you."

"You are Lady Yorke's companion?" he said, as though he could not recover from his surprise.

"Have you been to Gracedieu?" I asked.

"No," he answered in a low tone.

Ah, well, he was here! Why he had come mattered little. He would tell me when he recovered from his surprise. There would be no secrets, no mysteries between us. I unclasped his hands and held them in mine.

"You are tired, Mark, and not well, I am sure," I said; "let us sit down and talk quietly."

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie, you are killing me with every word!" he cried.

"Killing you, Mark? Why, I would die a hundred times over for you! I have done so. Every day of your long absence has been like a day of death to me."

"Hush, my darling!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, hush!"

"But why, Mark? Why must I not speak to you? Why are you so strange? Why are you distant and silent?"

But for all answer he held up his hand and repeated, "Hush, my darling!"

Why should that deadly chill come over me? Why should my limbs tremble? There could be nothing to fear. Mark was living, and he was with me. I beat down the horrible rising doubt. I would not listen to it. What could there be wrong between Mark and me? I sat down upon a rustic bench and said—

"Sit here with me, Mark, and we can talk at our ease."

But he did not sit down, and the terrible fear grew. I could feel the warm color leave my face, and the blood in my veins grow chill. I could have cried aloud in my agony. But I must know what it all meant. The change in my face startled him.

"Nellie," he cried, "for Heaven's sake do not look like that; I cannot bear it! Do not let the joy and love die from your face yet, my darling—not just yet!"

"Why must they die at all? Now that you have come back, why can we not be happy as we were? There is no reason, Mark, is there?"

Paler, graver, sadder than ever, he took my hand in his.

"I have not the courage to speak!" he cried. "Heaven forgive me, I cannot speak!"

"Is it that you have no money, Mark?" I asked, with a sudden sense of relief. "Oh, my darling, I do not care in the least about that! Money is nothing when we have love. Ah, I see now, Mark! You failed in that Indian undertaking, and you do not like to tell me so. Why, my love, I would sooner have one look of your hair than all the wealth of the world! If any one had left me the largest fortune you could imagine, what would it avail me without you? Ah, Mark, you should know me better!"

"I wish to Heaven it was so! I wish I stood before you a penniless beggar. It is not that. I am a rich man now, Nellie, and my riches are as ashes to me."

"Why, Mark?" I asked.

Oh, why did he not love me with the frank, caressing love of old? My heart hungered and thirsted for it.

"I am a coward," he said. "Oh, Nellie, loyal, sweet, true Nellie, can you not guess?"

"I can guess nothing," I replied piteously. "Tell me what is wrong, Mark."

I began to see that something was terribly amiss, but my faith in him was still unshaken.

"Tell me, Mark. No matter what it may be, you can trust me. You know there is no end to my love. If you are in any trouble or distress, I shall only love you the more. You have come back to me, darling, and your sorrows, as are your pleasures, are mine. Perhaps I can help you—the mouse helped the lion once. I have a little money; my money, my love, my life are all yours."

The dark handsome face grew paler, the firm lips trembled; I saw great drops on the broad forehead, I saw mortal agony in the dark eyes.

"Mark," I cried piteously, "there is something wrong!"

"Yes," he replied slowly; "there is, as you say, something wrong."

"You will tell me what is it?" I asked.

"I must; but when I do so you will hate me. You will hate me, and send me from your presence, never to see you again."

All the love, the generosity, the passion of my heart was roused. I hate him! Rather could the sun bring darkness!

"I could never hate you, Mark, my dear love, never even dislike you. You do not know me; you have forgotten in all those years how I love you. I gave you my love for ever and for ever; I cannot take it away. Mine was never 'love for a day,' Mark; it was 'for ever.' I love you so well and so truly that nothing can part us. If those hands I kiss now had committed the most grievous crimes, I would kiss them still. You would never kill my love, Mark. I would go with you into exile; I would stand by your side on the scaffold and suffer for you."

"Hush, Nellie!" he said, laying his hand on my lips. "Every word you say is as a sword in my heart."

"But it is true, Mark—it is all true. I could not love you more if I tried."

"I believe it," he said. "My beautiful Nellie! My true Nellie! Oh, how can I ask pardon of Heaven?" He knelt by my side and drew my head upon his breast, and smoothed the ripples of my hair with the old familiar gesture I had loved so well. "Poor Nellie! True loving Nellie! How can Heaven pardon me?"

I had ceased to weep, to wonder. Mark had come back to me, but there was something wrong. I felt that he was hushing me to rest in his arms for a few minutes before he told me, and I was content. What Mark did was best always.

"Nellie," he said at last—and his voice trembled with emotion—"seeing how well you love me, I could almost wish that you were dying now. If the light of the sun could but strike us both dead! You tremble, Nellie. Love, be still; rest for one moment; I will tell you all then."

And I clung the more closely to him. Should ruin, sorrow, death come, what mattered it while those arms sheltered me? A mother soothing her child in the delirium of fever could not have been more tender than Mark was in that hour to me.

"You will hate me, Nellie, when you hear all; you will send me from you, and I shall never see you again."

"Does it look like it, love?" I whispered. "There is little fear of that."

Still he rocked me in his arms, calling—

"Nellie, Nellie, each moment makes it worse, makes it harder! Ah, Nellie, why

have you been so true to me?"

"Why?" I replied, with a glad little laugh. "I could not help it; I was true to you naturally. I turned to you, Mark, as the sunflower turns to the sun."

"Oh, my darling, my beautiful love," he said, "you are so much better than I am! You are noble and loyal; I am—oh, Heaven, that I should have to say such words of myself!—I am a coward and a renegade."

"You shall not say such things of yourself!" I cried. "You are Mark Upton; and that, in my eyes, means all that is most noble."

"Hush, Nellie!" There was pain in his face, and anguish in his eyes. "Nellie, I must tell you. Oh, my dear, do not look at me with those loving eyes. Would that I had died before this! My arms must not hold you more, Nellie. My dear, lost love, I am married! Heaven help me, I was married more than a year ago!"

CHAPTER X.

MARK'S words had cleft the sweet spring air like a sharp arrow with a poisoned barb; they had pierced the heart that loved him, and I fell upon the grass like one dead. My heart was pierced, my whole soul crushed. There I lay in the first smart of my anguish.

For a few minutes all was darkness and oblivion; and then Mark tried to raise me.

"I have killed you, Nellie," he said—"I have killed you!"

"No," I answered, raising my white miserable face to his; "it is worse than that. Do not touch me. Leave me."

"I knew—I knew!" he said. "Oh, Nellie, I would have died to save you this!"

A sudden overwhelming sense of scorn for him, of loathing for myself, a hot, fierce passion of defiance and rebellion, seized me. I rose to my feet; new life and new strength came to me, my whole frame vibrated with passion.

"You are what?" I cried. "Say it to me again—let me be sure that I have heard aright. You are what?"

"I am married, Nellie."

"Married! And you have been wicked enough, coward enough to let me say all that I have said! You have been mean enough to let me pour out my heart, to let me lavish my love on you! How could you? Why did you not tell me the truth the first moment you saw me? How dare you take me in your arms and kiss me when you knew all the time that you belonged to some one else!"

"Forgive me, Nellie. I can never forgive myself. I had no time to think," he said humbly.

"I shall never respect myself again!" I cried. "And I thought that Heaven had sent you in answer to my longing and my prayers. Give me back my words of welcome; give me back my kisses. They were for a true lover, not for you. Give me back my love. Believe me, before Heaven, had I known, had I guessed or thought that you were married, not one such word should have crossed my lips!"

"I know," he said humbly.

"You are married. Oh, I cannot believe it! You are trying me. You want to see if my love be true; you are testing my faith. You cannot be married; you could not marry any one but me!"

"Alas, Nellie, it is true!" he cried.

"True!" I flung up my arms in despair. Mark had deceived me; Mark was untrue to me; Mark, my lover, my hero, was false.

Could any shame, any degradation equal mine? I had flung my arms round his neck, I had kissed him, I had called him by every loving name that one could give to another, and he was married! His love, his caresses, belonged to some other woman, not me. The beauty of his dark face, the memory of his love, seemed to creep into my heart again and set it on fire. Mad, passionate jealousy seized me.

"Whom have you married?" I cried. "I shall kill her if I see her! She shall not live who has stolen my love from me!"

"She did not know, Nellie," he said, speaking always in the same low voice. "She knew nothing of you. It was all my fault, dear."

Quickly as it had come, the flame of jealousy died away. The light had gone from the skies, the beauty from the glad green earth; I was alone with my desolation and my sorrow. The greatness of my loss came home to me. Mark was living and well; he was here in my sight; but we were parted for ever.

No grave dug by human hands could be so deep as the one that lay between us. He was there, but no longer mine. I must love him and caress him no more. I had mourned for him as absent, I had wept for him as dead; but I had never thought of him as caring for any one else in the wide world—he had been so entirely my own.

"Nellie," he said, in a low voice, "do you know that I feel like a murderer? I have blighted the sweetest life; I have killed the truest love; I have betrayed the most loyal faith ever placed in man. Oh, love, your eyes look like those of a wounded dove; and I may not comfort you any more!"

"No, never again in this world, Mark. No comfort, no consolation, can come from you to me; and I—oh, I loved you so dearly! Since that May morning when we met beside the lilac-trees, my heart has been full of you. It has held nothing else. When I thought you dead, I consecrated my life in loving memory of you. I could have taken my love into the spirit-world pure, unchanged, and untouched; while you—you are married. It is enough to make the angels weep! And now I have kissed you and poured out my love to you who are no longer free!"

The next thing I heard was the terrible sound of my own hysterical laughter breaking amid the trees. Such wild horrible laughter it was. I could not help it; I tried in vain to stop it.

"A married man!" I cried, over and over again. "A married man!" And I believed him to be my true lover Mark.

He came to me. He would not heed my passionate cries that he should leave me alone, that he should not touch me. He raised me from the ground; he removed the leaves and grass from my hair; he took my hands and held them in his.

"Nellie," he said, "try to listen to me, my dear. You will kill yourself if you give way like this."

Was it of any use to say that I hoped I should, of any use to struggle to free my hands from his clasp? Oh, my bruised, beating, wounded heart, it was not!

"Try, my darling, try, Nellie, for the sake of old times, to listen to me," he pleaded.

"You must not call me 'darling,'" I cried, bitter jealousy flaming in my heart again; "you have another darling now. You have some one else to love and caress and call your own."

And in some vague way I knew by the groan that came from his lips that I was still his darling, and that he did not love this other, let her be who she might. The knowledge seemed to afford me some little consolation. But it was only for one minute. Then common-sense said, What was the love of a married man to me?

"Nellie—I will not call you 'darling' again, since it grieves you—will you try to listen to me? For for the sake of old times and the old dear love, let me tell you all that has happened. You will judge me mercifully; you were always kind, and I—oh, Nellie, I am not happy! I am the most miserable man in the whole wide world. If I were happy, if I came to you in the insolence of a prosperous love, if my face were bright and my heart light, then, ah, then you would have reason to spurn me, to hate and despise me! But you have a true woman's heart, my lost love; and women are always pitiful, always merciful. Listen, Nellie, before you judge me. Mind, I am not excusing myself—even in my own eyes I am a pitiful fellow. But you will hear and judge."

The wild tumult of passion was dying down; the rapture and ecstasy of happiness, followed by the passion of despair, had exhausted me. I sat down again on the seat; my strength failed me. I leaned my head against the trunk of a tree; the wind brought the odor of the lilacs to me, fresh and sweet. I grew calm with the serenity of despair. I would listen to all he had to tell me, and then rise up and go from him.

My thoughts grew confused, everything was dim and indistinct in my sight; and, when I came to the real consciousness of what was passing, Mark was bending over me, holding my hands tightly clasped in his, and speaking in a clear low voice.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHEN I went away, Nellie," said Mark, "I did love you with all my heart. Do you remember how my father teased us, and called my love 'lad's love'?"

"And said it would die as soon," I remarked.

"It was lad's love, Nellie, but it was honest, eager, and true. You filled my heart, and I had no thought save for you. I would have given up going to India, but my father was not willing. Would to Heaven that I had! I left England, Nellie, in the hope of returning at the end of the four years and making you my wife. My father's death was a blow to me. I should have come back then, but I could not throw up my appointment. I shall tell you the candid truth, Nellie; I will not hide one word, one thought from you. During the first year of my absence, I loved you as truly and dearly as ever. You were never out of my thoughts by day or by night. I lived for you. The second year—ah, Nellie, if I wound you, I wound myself more deeply!—the second year I found myself thinking more of my work. I had been promoted, and the difficulties of my profession engrossed me. I thought less of you, but I loved you just the same. I own that some little coldness crept into my letters, that at times I missed a mail; but my heart was true to you. One thing that had an evil influence over me was the constant 'chaffing' of my comrades. It was strange that the cry of 'lad's love' should be used in India as it had been in England. They laughed at the number of letters that came in your dear handwriting, Nellie. They laughed at the number I sent away. They said that it was 'lad's love,' that in a few years' time I should laugh at it, that all boys suffered from it; and, though at times I blushed over it, yet my heart was always true to you, Nellie."

He stopped and looked into my miserable face. I could not keep my lips from quivering, and my eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Nellie," he said, "have you heard any news—anything about me?"

"Not one word since you wrote last," I replied.

"Then," he said, with some little hesitation, "you do not know what name I bear now?"

"Your own, I suppose," was my listless reply.

"Yes, my own, but it is a new one. Is it possible, Nellie, that you do not know who I am and why I am here?"

No suspicion of the truth came to me; indeed nothing was farther from my thoughts.

"How can I know?" was my impatient answer. "I have never heard any one mention your name."

He was silent for a few minutes, and then continued slowly—

"I know not which part of my story is the hardest to tell. It was in the beginning of the third year of my absence from England that a strange event happened. It was so unexpected, so bewildering, that for some time I seemed to lose my senses; and you know, Nellie, that I was in many respects what my father called me—merely a lad. I was so dazzled and bewildered that I forgot all I ought to have remembered. My first thought was of you and I ought to have written to you; but I had let two or three mails go without writing, and I intended to surprise you. I had to go to England at once, and I know that I should reach you as soon as my letters could. I did a strangely careless thing; I left no address, forgetting that you would probably go on writing. I thought I should soon see you. Nellie, do you follow me? Do not look at me with such sorrowful eyes. You see that up to this time, the third year of my absence, I had done nothing specially worth of blame. I had been shy and self-conscious about my love, when I ought to have been bolder and more courageous. I had allowed my time and thoughts to become engrossed in my profession, at the expense of my love; still I was true at heart, Nellie. I had no other love; and I set sail from India, still thinking more of your surprise and delight than of anything else. But, Nellie, I have not told you what the strange event was. Can you not help me, Nellie? Can you not guess what called me back to England and to you?"

"How should I? You may tell me safely; nothing can hurt me now, Mark. I have realized the fact that you are married; nothing more remains."

"I hate myself for having to tell it," he said, his face flushing; "but, Nellie, I was only a lad, and the news completely bewildered me. Do you remember that once when we were together I asked you about your friends and relatives? You replied that you were almost alone in the world; and I told you that, while I had some very wealthy relatives and some very poor, I knew but little of either. There had never been any correspondence, nor even the slightest acknowledgment of any kind. My father was a most peculiar man; he did not like his poor relations. His dislike was not caused by their poverty, but because they had offended him many years before, and he had never forgiven them. As to the rich members of the family, he was too proud to seek to know them; nor would he allow me to speak of them; they took no notice of us, nor we of them. Lord Severne—Baron Severne is the proper title—of Severne Court and my father were second cousins."

In one moment I saw it all.

"You are Lord Severne, Mark!" I cried.

"Yes, it is so, Nellie; I am Lord Severne," he said gravely.

"And Lurline—your wife is named Lurline," I said.

"Yes, my wife is named Lurline," he answered. "Now you understand. I did not know that you were here, Nellie. I never dreamed of seeing you when I came out this morning. I am here as Lady Yorke's friend and guest; Lurline is with me."

He stopped, thinking perhaps that I should speak; but what had I to say? Words were useless.

"Now you know what happened, Nellie," he continued. "In the third year of my absence this news came from England—Lord Severne of Severne Court was dead; the brother who should have succeeded him was drowned in returning from Italy, and the two sons of his brother, the heir, died from fever at school—two generations swept away. My father, had he lived, would have been Lord Severne; he was the next heir, and both title and estates are entailed. As my father was dead, I was the next heir. My father had never given me to understand that there was the most remote possibility of our succession. I do not believe he ever thought of it himself; he was only second cousin, and at that time Lord Severne was a strong healthy man, his brother the same, and the boys at school gave every promise of a long life.

"Now all was changed; they were dead; and, as I was the nearest of kin, I became master of Severne Court and Baron Severne. Nellie, as truly as there is a heaven above us, my first thought when I heard this news was of you. 'What will my Nellie say?' I cried aloud; and I felt proud to think that I could make my fair and beautiful love Lady Severne.

"If I had written one line to you then, all would have been different—my life and yours; but I was restless and excited. I had so much to think of, so much to do. I was pleased, proud, agitated, but not untrue to you then, Nellie—I swear it, not untrue.

"The letters sent by Messrs. Norton and Son were most peremptory in their summons. I must return at once. Fortunately there was a young Englishman who could without difficulty take my place, and I was free. My friends and comrades were honestly pleased with my good fortune, and we parted on excellent terms. Nellie, when I started in the Queen of the Seas, bound from Bombay to London, my thoughts were of you. Oh, my true love, my lost love, how shall I tell you what happened then?

"I deserve to be shot as a traitor, as a coward," he continued, with passionate bitterness. "When I look back, I cannot think what folly, what madness possessed me. I am sure that my good fortune had in some measure turned my brain.

"On the second day that I was on board I began to take an interest in my fellow-passengers. My romantic story was known amongst them—how from a simple engineer, glad to earn an income of a few hundreds, I had suddenly and quite unexpectedly come into possession of a title and estates worth sixty thousand per annum. On the second day of the voyage I walked about the deck amusing myself with the novel sights and sounds, when, Nellie, I saw one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld in my life—beautiful as a dream or a vision, but, ah, Nellie, not half so fair and winsome as you!

"I had seen but little of women. I had never been thrown much into their society. I hardly remembered my own mother; sisters and cousins I had none; you and your mother were the only two with whom I had been on friendly or intimate terms. I loved you. I understood your simple noble nature; I knew your true earnest character; but I was perfectly ignorant of the arts of women. I thought they were all like you; their caprices, fascinations, charms, arts, and intrigues were all unknown to me. Never was prey more easily caught. I hate myself when I think of my own folly.

"The beautiful woman was walking up and down the deck; her veil was thrown back, and the sea breeze had brought a lovely bloom to her face. Her graceful carriage, so free, so stately, attracted me first.

"I saw her lay her hand on the rail. She was looking over at the passing waves; the hand was white as a snowdrop; a wedding-ring shone on it, with broad bands of dia-

monds and sapphires. 'She is married,' I thought. Then, little as I understood the mysteries of ladies' attire, I perceived that the coquettish line of white defining the form of her beautiful head was a widow's cap.

"'Who is that lady?' I asked Captain Luttrell.

His eyes brightened, as did the eyes of every other man on board, when they rested on her.

"'She is a Mrs. Nugent,' he replied—'a young widow returning to England. Her husband, Captain Vere Nugent, died a few months since. I will introduce you to her;' and the next moment I was bowing before the beautiful young widow, who seemed still a child.

"Lurline is my wife now, and I will not say one word against her. I will not even say that I could do so. She was certainly the most beautiful, the most fascinating woman I had ever seen. She looked so young that it was almost impossible to believe that she had been a wife and was a widow; but I knew afterwards that she was at least ten years older than we thought her. I will not describe her to you: you will see her and judge for yourself.

"Nellie," continued Mark, "there is as great a difference between you and Lurline as between a simple natural lily of the valley and a gaudy artificial camellia. I saw it afterwards; but at first she took my senses captive, and held them in thrall. I remember how she puzzled me, how I watched her. One of the first things that struck me was the subtle odor of sweet violets that seemed to envelope her. Everything belonging to her—her sables, shawls, books, fans, gloves—everything had the same sweet odor of fresh violets. That charmed me. Oh, Nellie, I was a rash foolish coward, but I never thought of loving her, and I never dreamed of marrying any one but you! Every man on board was in love with her; but she favored me, and I was weak enough, young and foolish enough, to be flattered by this preference, to feel proud and delighted when the little court of admirers had to make way for me, when she turned from them all with a smile for me, when she laid that white gemmed hand of hers on my arm, dismissing the rest with a little nod of the head, saying, 'I will accompany you, Lord Severne. I should like a quiet promenade.'

"It pleased me to mark the hot angry jealousy in other men's eyes; it pleased me to note how they envied the marks of preference which this beautiful woman showered on me. Still, Nellie, I never dreamed of being false to you.

"At first I was attracted by her great beauty, her fascination, her low sweet voice, her nameless charm of dress and manner; then by her decided, open preference for me, shown at all times and in all places.

"I never thought that rank, title, or money had anything to do with it; I believed it was for myself alone that she cared. Ah, Nellie, perhaps even a stronger man than myself might have succumbed! I shall never forget the nights on the ocean, with the stars like golden meteors in the sky, the sea dark, silent, mysterious and solemn. Such nights they were—the sea and sky so calm, and that beautiful face looking into mine! Ah, Nellie, you taught me love, and it will never die; she taught me passion, and it is dead!

"I began to forget you, my darling. I must tell you the whole truth. The memory of the sweet face under the lilacs grew fainter; the passionate, beautiful face of the woman who showed this marked preference for me almost maddened me for a time.

"There can be no excuse for me, Nellie—I offer none. But remember that for the first time in my life I was flattered by all the subtle flatteries that a clever and beautiful woman could use. The balance of my reason was gone. She had roused passion that yet was not love in my heart. I was driven onwards by the anger of those whom she slighted for me; and one night—one fatal night, when the moon was shining brilliantly, and the sea was calm as a lake—we stood together at the stern of the vessel, hidden by the wheel-house. Her hand stole into mine; her face was raised to mine, pale with emotion, her eyes glistening with tears. I forgot you, Nellie; I forgot honor, truth, and loyalty. I bent down to kiss her, and—— Well, I cannot tell you how it happened. I am speaking the truth, Nellie. I would not hide one thought from you. I feel sure that when I bent my head to kiss her I had no thought of asking her to be my wife; but before another half-hour had passed I had promised to marry her, and—Nellie, love, listen—from that moment to this I have never had one single happy moment—not one. There could be no drawing back—no hesitation even, for I found the next day that the whole of the passengers knew that Lord Severne and the beautiful Mrs. Nugent were engaged.

"Weak, cowardly, disloyal—ah, yes, I know all that! But I have suffered horribly. From that hour to this I have been a miserable man, for I found out that it was you I had loved after all, and that the love of the lad was better than the passion of the man. There were times when I resolved on telling her, but it would have been useless. She had decided on marrying me, and I knew that my intentions were quite secondary to hers. When it was too late, my heart went back to its first allegiance. I found my engagement to this woman of the world a very business-like matter. There was no nonsense, no delay. We were married three weeks after the Queen of the Seas reached London.

"Ah, Nellie, you have suffered, but my pain has been greater! My conscience gave me no rest. Night and day your image was with me, night and day my folly and cowardice were ever before me. I longed, yet dreaded to see you. If I had known that your mother was dead, and that you were waiting for me in the old home alone, I should have gone to you, no matter what had happened; but your letter did not reach me."

"It was returned to me," I interposed.

"As soon as my affairs were settled," he continued, "I went abroad. Lurline preferred it. She said she never cared to live in England; and, in truth, I was indifferent on the subject, knowing that no place could ever be the same to me again. At Mentone we met the Yorkes, and I liked them very much. I was a miserable, haunted, gloomy man. My wealth brought me no happiness, because I had lost you. I found rest in talking to Lady Yorke. She seemed to think that I had some great sorrow in my life. I do not suppose I should have returned to England, at least for some years, had not imperative business compelled me to go to Severne Court a few weeks ago. Oh, Nellie, there are some disappointments too bitter, too great for words! I shall return to Italy: I cannot live in England."

"Why?" I asked.

His face clouded, an angry gloom came into the eyes which had been full of pain and despair.

"I cannot tell you why, Nellie, but my life is blighted. I cannot stay anywhere for long."

"Shall you never live at Severne Court?" I asked.

"Never," was the gloomy reply. "The punishment of my folly is that I shall be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"But why, Mark—why?" I cried, beginning to forget my own trouble in his.

"There are some things that a man cannot speak of," he replied, "cannot even think of, or lay bare to his own heart. This sorrow of mine is one of them."

"Then, Mark," I could not help saying as I looked sadly at him, "you have ruined all the happiness of my life without securing your own."

"That is just what I have done, Nellie. Because the remorse I feel at the loss of you and the sorrow of my secret, I am the most miserable man in the world."

Ah, Mark, my lover, I read in your face that your folly had cost you dear! We sat in silence for some time, the wind stirring the lilac-branches and bearing to us sweet gusts of perfume. We had not been there an hour, and already it seemed to me an eternity. I knew that we must part. Time was passing, and I should be wanted. Then the full force of my misery rushed over me like a lava tide. How could I ever take up the duties of life again? My heart and soul had no strength, no life. Where should I turn for help or comfort? For, alas, I had given my whole heart to a man who had married another and had forgotten me!

"Mark, what shall I do with the rest of my life?" I asked wearily. "I cannot die just because I wish to die. I am like a ship without a rudder. Love of you, whether living or dead, has hitherto filled my life. What am I to do?"

"I cannot tell, Nellie," he replied. "Are you happy here with Lady Yorke?"

"Yes—as happy as I could be anywhere without you," I replied.

"Then do not go away. We will do that, not you. We will remain for a few days; then I shall say that I am summoned to the Court on business. Nellie, forgive me for what I am going to say. All I have in the world ought to have been yours—and I have such abundant wealth; let me give you what will keep you in comfort and affluence."

I could not be angry; his eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered.

"No," I replied gently; "you must not do that, Mark. I do not care for money. I would rather have had one true word of love from your lips than all the money you possess."

"I should be so much happier, Nellie, if you would let me do this. Let me buy for you a pretty little home. In the midst of my misery let me have the one gleam of comfort that you have no worldly cares."

"No!" I cried, with quick impatient scorn. "Can you not understand that I would rather—a thousand times rather—die of hunger by the roadside than accept even one crumb of bread from your hands?"

"Will you ever forgive me?" he said. "In the years to come, when you remember that I am—ah, a thousand times!—more unhappy than you, and when you remember that I can find no comfort because it is all my fault, will you not try to forgive me? Think of me as you did; forget this interval of folly and falsehood. Think of me only as Mark with his honest 'lad's love;' forget Mark, the man who failed you—will you, Nellie?"

I could not help it—doubtless it was very undignified; but, when I saw the pain on the honest face, the humble sorrow in the dear eyes, when I saw Mark distressed, grieved with the misery of a lifetime on his face, I forgot my wounded love for one short moment.

How could I refuse him anything to whom I had never said "nay?" How could I refuse him pardon when he asked it with tears in his eyes? He had marred my life, ruined my happiness, made every hope bankrupt; but I loved him still. I held out my hands to him; I tried to smile, already the raining tears blinded me.

"I will forgive you, Mark," I said. "Ah, my dear, I could not, if I would, be angry with you! We must never meet again, Mark. The wide world must be ever between us two who were once to be always together; a deep grave lies between us, and in it I must bury my love; but I forgive you, even as I hope to be forgiven."

He held my hand in his for one moment; and then he said, with tears that did not shame his manhood—

"My dear lost love, farewell!"

I knew what he meant. It would be better for him, better for me, that we should meet as strangers. He would be leaving in a few days, and we should see each other no more. Better so!

Trembling, fainting, dazed by my own misery, I dared not go back to the house just then, lest any one meeting me should ask what ailed me. I had a strange, vague idea that I had changed my own identity, and that the sorrow stricken woman walking by herself under the summer trees could not be Nellie Chester.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

RELIGION IN CHINA.—In theory Confucianism is the religion of the State. The State officials are the literati who have secured their positions through the study of the classics—i. e., the Sacred Writings of Confucius. The Confucianist temples are protected and honored by the State, and the worship of Confucius is carried on at the expense of the State.

In a limited sense, too, Buddhism can also claim to be a State religion. The same is also true of Taoism, since deceased generals and statesmen are assigned their corresponding ranks with the Taoistic King of the Lower World in Hades. In this role they are worshipped in Taoistic temples. In this way it is possible for a Chinaman to make use of all three religions, without getting into conflict with the distinctive principles of any of them. Their officials worship together.

In funeral services, monks of both orders are found performing functions on different days. The public temples are usually in control of the Taoists, but sometimes are in charge of Buddhists.

Not rarely Taoistic gods are found in Buddhists temples, and vice versa. Sometimes they differ only in name. The Buddhist Goddess of Mercy is the Taoist Goddess of Heaven. The Pearl King of the Taoists is the Imperial Ruler of the Buddhists. Both systems teach the same ten Princes in Hades, and even a reproduction of the Buddhist punishment in hell is found in the Taoist temples.

N. G. MASON, JR., of Boston, relates the following "true" story. "Last year," he states, "a hunter in Maine killed a large bull moose and then captured a live cow moose and made it haul the bull out of the woods for him."

Bric-a-Brac.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—It is not generally known that we get our custom of wearing orange blossoms as bridal ornaments from the Saracens, and that the Red Cross Knights always saw their brides thus adorned on the marriage day.

TWO NAMES.—The custom of using more than one Christian name was introduced into England with the coming of Henrietta Maria, the bride of Charles I., after whom a large number of British infants were soon loyally christened. The rolling resonance of the double name so pleased the ear of the public that soon other combinations of the same kind came into fashion.

THE JEWEL HOUSE.—In the jewel house of the Tower of London, the place where the British crown and other royal insignia are kept, there is a book bound throughout in gold, even to the wires of the hinges. Its clasp is two rubies set at opposite ends of four golden locks. On one side there is a cross of diamonds; on the other the English coat of arms set in diamonds, pearls and rubies.

HEALTHS.—The custom of "drinking healths," it is said, had a most curious origin. In the days when the Danes lorded it in England, they had a very common habit of stabbing Englishmen in the throat when drinking. To avoid this villainy, a man when drinking would request some of the sitters by to be his pledge or surety while taking his draught. Hence the custom.

ALL "S'S."—The following paragraph, now going the rounds, contains 57 words, 112 s's, and one other vowel: "We feel extreme feebleness when we seek perfect excellence here. We well remember men everywhere err. Even when Eden's evergreen trees sheltered Eve the serpent crept there. Yet, when tempted, when cheerlessness depresses, when helplessness festers, when we seem deserted—then we remember Bethlehem; we beseech the Redeemer's help. We ever need the rest the blessed expect."

THE PALSY.—People suffering from palsy are now said to derive benefit from railway journeys, and, on the principle of like curing like, the greater the shaking the more complete the cure. For the use of patients a certain doctor has invented an oscillating chair, in which those afflicted with the terrible disease may be rocked and racked in a most alarming manner. Another health-giving apparatus is a vibrating helmet, applied to the head by a number of metallic strips, to which a trembling motion is imparted by an electric motor in the crown of the helmet, and we are assured that it gives relief to sufferers from nervous headaches by inducing lassitude and sleepiness.

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.—Few are aware of the existence of the veritable Bluebeard's castle. Yet a recent writer assures us that this is indeed situated a mile or two beyond Interlaken, on a lonely, well-shaded mountain road. Upon looking up the wooded hillside, just at a bend in the lane, one sees the ruins of an old castle. Only moss-covered walls now remain, which are the haunts of bats, birds, and insects, but its stately columns indicate its early grandeur. Many doubt that such a character as Bluebeard ever lived, but in that portion of the world the story is believed and told by the natives, until one reading fancies he sees Fatima's sister at the tower window, anxiously awaiting some sign of her protector.

WANTED, TWO GOOD MURDERERS.—Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: "Sir: The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play to-night." At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a Bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry VIII." On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill; the cut in the face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for Richard if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor."

"HAVE you a parrot that swears?" asked a woman as she entered the bird store. "I suppose I could get one," replied the dealer; "but never had such a call before." "You see, my husband went out West a month ago and I'm sort o' lonesome."

MY LADY'S EYES.

BY POETRY RANDS.

You would not call her beautiful, my love,
  Nor would you call her more than passing fair:
Many there be as neat and lithe of form,
  With faces fresh and rippling chestnut hair:
Her modest lips and regal poising head
  Would scarcely wake a murmur of surprise;
But oh! too rare for any word to speak
  The soulful depths of my sweet lady's eyes!

They are not black with silent lightning gloaming,
They are not blue with roguish laughter beaming,
  Nor cold and gray with purpose firmly set;
No; they are dark and tremulous with feeling,
And yet they smile a world of love revealing,
  My lady's eyes that none would fain forget.

Words are too weak to paint them as they are,
  Those hazel orbs between their lashes long!
So shy, so artless, innocent and sweet,
  Like diamond dew-drops in Pearle roses hung.
They follow me across the shadow'd years
  With colors stolen from the midnight skies;
The clouds will break and pass like April's tears
  When comes the love-light to my lady's eyes!

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAIDE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

HAYES checked himself presently in the middle of a description he was giving concerning a return visit he had paid to some deserted workings in Queensland. He had caught his wife watching him with a fixed intensity which startled him, and he broke off suddenly in the midst of his pathetic reminiscences.

"All this isn't very interesting to you, I am afraid," he said; "but Watson can recall every hut and store in the place."

"Ah," said Watson meaningly, "you would like to hear some of the incidents of our life at Carfax Gully, Mrs. Hayes! Have you ever heard how the settlement was broken up?" Hilda shook her head. "It came at the end of that wet season I was speaking of. There was a tremendous spate, and the little township, and all our mining works into the bargain, were nearly swept away. Did this husband of yours never tell you anything about it? Of course not! He's so precious modest about anything that is to his own credit—"

"That'll do, Malcolm!" interposed Hayes abruptly. "Don't bore the wife with that oft-told tale! Ah, here comes the tea—just what I should like! Will you have it here, Hilda? It is so much cooler than the drawing-room! Now, Wastrel, wake up, and show us what you do for a sweet biscuit!"

For the time being every other subject was dropped in the amusement caused by Wastrel's clowning; but later on, when Hayes had been compelled to go away with his land-steward to inspect the clauses of a new lease, Hilda reverted to the subject of Carfax Gully. She could hardly have explained to herself why she was so anxious to hear all she could about that turbulent uncivilized past of her husband's. Was it good she wanted to hear of him, or evil? She could not decide.

"I should so much like to hear that story about Carfax Gully, Mr. Watson!" she said hesitatingly. "Pierrepoint's modesty won't be outraged by your telling it to me behind his back."

"Of course it won't," agreed Malcolm, heartily glad to observe signs of interest in her manner at last. His affection for Hayes had enabled him to see that all was not just as it should be between these newly-married people.

"It was a grand thing he did, Mrs. Hayes. We had warning of the danger for a couple of days, but, as usual, had pooh-poohed it; and, when the freshet did come, it burst the reservoir we had built on the side of the hill, and the whole rush of water came down on the collection of the huts in the gully—in a lump, as one might say. Some of us heard the roar, and had time to scramble up the opposite hillside; but a good many were drowned before they had time to open their doors. It was a sight to strike terror into any man's heart—it came upon us with such awful suddenness. Well, there had been a company of actors playing in the place the night before." He paused a moment, for Hilda had bent forward with a quick inarticulate sound in her throat; but, when he saw it was only a sign of her great interest, he went on. "We had all been in to see them, and were greatly delighted with the performance—it doesn't take much to please a lot of people shut off from the world as we were. As we stood on the hillside, helplessly watching the waters tear up the huts and swirl them along to the lower end of the valley, the door of a house on a knoll in the middle of the rushing torrent opened, and out came three of the actresses. The poor souls had evidently been asleep when the alarm came. Can you imagine what our feelings were to see them there, Mrs. Hayes? To attempt to get at them across that torrent, with whole house-fronts and big trees and heavy machinery flying down its course like express trains, would have been pretty much the same thing as committing suicide, we said, as we stood watching the waters rising round them. But Peter decided to risk it. Better make a finish of it straight away than stand there and see those helpless creatures drowned under our eyes, he said. He ran a little higher up the hill, so that the current might carry him down, and took his plunge in. First he was carried a little way in the branches of a tree, then he struck out a few yards when he got a clear piece of water, then dived out of the way of half a house bearing down upon him, and then, getting a lift on a plank for a second or two, he recovered his breath; but all the time he kept making his way towards those white-faced watching women. I shall never forget how we shouted for joy when he crawled up the bank, helped by their eager hands. But his task was only just begun. He seemed hardly to have recovered his breath before he was at work pulling down the doors and window-frames of the house, and putting them together to make a raft. Mrs. Hayes, you should have seen those women helping him, tearing up their fine stage clothes, and knotting and twisting them into ropes with which to bind the rickety thing together. They worked hard at it till the water was up to their knees, and we could see he was explaining to them how to keep off the other lumber. Then the three women crouched low down on the frail thing and waited for it to float off."

"And where was he?" asked Hilda, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Oh, he swam down with it! It wouldn't bear his weight, you see; besides, he wanted to get a little extra speed on it if possible, to lessen the chance of other things rushing into it and breaking it up. That was a journey to remember! If those women had not the nerves of iron, they would have been wrecked a dozen times. Some of us had set off racing along the hillside before they started, to be handy if he succeeded in heading the raft near the bank. Well, of course you know the end. He put the last bit of rope under his arms and towed the thing out into mid-stream, and swam as he had never swum before, while the women, crouching low on the planks, did their best to keep the course clear for him. But he got one or two nasty blows in spite of their care. They drifted down a mile before we could get at them, and he was almost exhausted when we hauled him out."

Watson stopped abruptly, and then added, in a queer voice, half inclined to make a joke of his own emotion—

"I don't suppose you want to be told what we thought of him. I hope you don't, because I haven't the eloquence to make you understand."

"It doesn't need words, that sort of thing," Hilda said softly.

They sat silent for a few minutes; then Watson said quietly—

"Yes—the name of Peter Haynes became a household word round about that part of the country."

The mention of the name brought the Edinburgh tragedy back to her memory with a painful shock. Those actresses that he had risked his own life to save—might not one of them have been the very Alice Mostyn whom he had gone to see in Edinburgh, with such terrible after-results?

"And the ladies themselves," she asked—"were they grateful?"

"I should think so! If they weren't, they deserved to be thrown back into the torrent, for there wasn't another man in the place who would—or indeed could—have done what he did for them."

She would have liked to press the inquiry further; but, with that story ringing in her ears, she felt ashamed to pry into her husband's past.

"Why did he alter his name out there, Mr. Watson?"

"It was somebody else's mistake at first, I believe, Mrs. Hayes, and, when he found what a set of scoundrels he had got amongst, I expect he was glad to keep up the alias. He was about the only man among us who owned to a surname at all: most of us were known only by nicknames. There is his voice outside! Don't let him know I have betrayed him, Mrs. Hayes—at least, not till I'm out of the way!"

Considering the condition of affairs between her and her husband, it was most extraordinary that Hilda should have felt as proud as she did of this exploit of Pierrepoint's. As often as she thought of it, she felt a glow of keenest pleasure at her heart. At any rate, he was not all bad. If she had never known anything about his visit to Edinburgh! If she had not so impulsively betrayed her antipathy to him! If this awful doubt and dread had never come between them!

When she went up to dress she gave herself plenty of time, that she might have a quarter of an hour with Miss Fisher, who was so very unselfish and sweet-tempered under her misfortune.

"I am so sorry this has happened just now!" said Hilda. "At any other time I could have been with you all day long. It seems so unkind to leave you here alone."

"Oh, no, it is not!" Miss Fisher assured her emphatically. "It will make me really wretched if you allow me to interfere with your duty to your guest. You see, I've had the couch moved within reach of the bell, so that without disturbing myself I can ring for anything I want. You're not to worry about me, mind! I'm perfectly happy up here; you don't know how grateful the rest and quiet are to me. Besides, I may be able to walk to-morrow."

"I'm afraid you are saying that only to comfort me," said Hilda.

"No, indeed, I am not; I really mean it. Having somebody to entertain has done you good, Mrs. Hayes; you are looking quite brilliant!"

Hilda flushed and laughed, with a touch of self-consciousness which was not lost upon the graceful lady on the couch.

"I have been a little excited this afternoon—pleasantly excited—by a long talk with my husband's old friend. Mr. Hayes never talks about himself, you know, Miss Fisher, and I have been hearing things about him that almost made me—yes, I will say it!—proud to be his wife."

"That must be most delightful!" said Miss Fisher, in her most musical tone; and Hilda instantly wished she had not been quite so effusive, and formed a resolution on the spot to impart no further confidences of that particular kind to her companion.

"Are you sure there is nothing I can do to add to your comfort?" she asked, as she was leaving the room.

"Nothing at all, thank you!" Miss Fisher answered. "Yes, though, there is one thing!" she added suddenly. "There is somebody else in this corridor; I heard footsteps before luncheon."

"Yes; my husband's old friend, Mr. Watson, is occupying one of the rooms farther down."

"Well, I should not like to be seen in this crippled condition. Do you think you could find me a screen to place inside the door?

"Of course! I will send Mattie at once with a message to Mrs. Westedging."

"Thank you; you are very kind! You don't know how lucky I think myself to have fallen in your way, Mrs. Hayes!"

"I think the good fortune was all on my side," Hilda answered gently, as she went out and closed the door behind her.

For the first time since her arrival at Cruxwold, Hilda went to the piano in the drawing-room after dinner that evening, and began to play, her fingers wandering idly over the keys. The two gentlemen almost immediately came sauntering past the open windows with their cigars. She could smell the smoke now and again; she could see them in the dusk, and hear the murmur of their voices, and unconsciously she began saying to herself, as she had said in the afternoon, "If I had not known about that other!"—setting the words to the notes as she played.

Presently, when they had finished their smoke, they came and sat on the nearest window-sill, and Watson asked her to sing "Ye Banks and Braes," and one or two other old ballads which made no great demand on her voice; and, though she was no great vocalist, she got through those simple ditties to the entire satisfaction of her friendly audience.

But she soon wandered away to her beloved Chopin again, and went on, thinking by the silence behind her that the gentlemen had strolled away for another cigar. She was more than a little startled presently, when she paused a moment at the entrance of Wilberforce with the coffee, to find that her husband was sitting in the window by himself.

He carried her coffee to her, and thanked her for her music with quiet but warm appreciation.

"They had a swell pianist at Horsmanton to play of an evening—really a big gun, according to Lady Graythorne; but I don't think he got as much real music out of the piano as you do, though he made a good deal more noise."

She was glad to drink her coffee and avoid answering this polite speech. If it had been a stranger, she would have smiled brightly and told him it was very kind of him to say so; but somehow this did not seem the right sort of thing to say to one's husband. Neither could she laugh shyly and tell him not to expose his want of "culchaw," as she would have done if it had been Tenterden or Hugh. So she sat mute and sipped her coffee, and wondered what she should do or say when it was finished.

"I hope you are not neglecting—Miss Fisher, is it?—on our account, Hilda?" he said, when he took her empty cup; and she accepted the subject eagerly.

"Oh, I wanted to explain to you about her! She is not here exactly as a friend, although I try to treat her as one. She has come to keep me company. You see, I have no girl-friend that I should care to have here with me except Terry Bugden, and she is wanted just now at home; and—and so I thought——"

"You would have a regular companion. An excellent idea! Where did you get her from?"

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Bartenshaw did all that part of the business for me!"

"Then it is sure to be all right. I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting the lady before I leave."

"I am afraid you won't, Pierrepoint. Her foot is——"

But before she could finish her sentence he moved away with a sudden exclamation.

"What's up, Malcolm? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

Watson was standing inside the open window, with the bewildered look of a person suddenly aroused from a bad dream. He tried to recover his self-command at his friend's question and laughed rather feebly, pretending to be ashamed of himself when he saw the startled looks of his host and hostess.

"It was only a passing touch of my old complaint, ague, Mrs. Hayes," he said jocularly. "I shall go and see if I have any quinine in my bag; that always puts me straight in no time."

But she insisted upon his sitting down and being waited upon.

"I shall go and get you a dose from Mrs. Westedging myself," she said, with a pretty matronly air. "She doctors us all out of her big chest. How much do you take?"

When she had gone away, eager to do what she could for him, he turned to Hayes, and asked with mock gravity—

"Have I drunk much to-night, old fellow?"

"Drunk? What do you mean? Why, you have had nothing!"

"Then it can't be that," he said dismally.

"What can't be that, Malcolm? What is wrong with you, man?"

"Look here, Peter—don't you make fun of what I'm going to say! Have you ever heard me mention that there is supposed to be a gift of second-sight in our family?"

"Yes—I have heard something of the sort," returned Hayes, looking at him curiously; "but I never took any notice of it. You yourself always seemed to treat it more as a joke than anything else."

"So I did. I never believed there was anything in it—never, on my life! But to-night I'm almost inclined to alter my mind."

Seeing that Watson was really distressed, Hayes checked the impatient question that rose to his lips and let his friend take his own time.

"I suppose it was through talking about the old affair this afternoon," Watson went on presently; "it could have been nothing but a freak of the imagination, of course! Nobody's going to persuade me that I have seen a ghost, you know!"

"Ghost!" exclaimed Hayes. "There are no ghosts at Cruxwold, old man! What sort of a ghost did you think you saw?"

Watson lowered his voice, with a glance at the distant door.

"The ghost of that fiend Allee."

"What!"

"She was standing outside the window there, looking into the room. I saw her as I came across the grass, and something familiar about the figure struck me before I was near enough to see the face. As I came up the terrace-steps she heard me, and looked straight in my direction. She couldn't see me, but I saw her plainly enough in the light reflected from the room; and it was that woman, sure enough, or her wraith! There's no mistaking those eyes of hers!"

"But, my dear fellow——"

"I know what you're going to say, Peter, and I give in to it at once without hearing it. I'm not going to maintain that I have seen a woman who has been in her grave for years past. My senses have tricked me; but it was a confoundedly unpleasant trick, and I hope they won't do it again—that's all!"

But even this unreserved capitulation did not satisfy Hayes; it sounded to much like an attempt to avoid further discussion of the matter.

"Perhaps it was one of the servants prying about," he suggested. "Such accidental likenesses are quite extraordinary sometimes. Where did she go to when you lost sight of her?"

"She slipped back out of the light and was gone before I could say 'Snap!' And I was too breathless at the notion that I had been face to face with a disembodied spirit to have the presence of mind to rush after her."

"How was she dressed?"

"I couldn't tell you—in something dark. I saw the outlines of her figure as I came across the grass, because the lighted window was behind her; but when I got level with her on the terrace, I saw nothing but her face and head—the wonderful yellow hair as of old, you know, Peter. There—don't let us say anything more about it! I've made an egregious fool of myself; let it stand at that!"

But, though Hilda's entrance put an end to the discussion at the moment, they neither of them allowed the matter to "stand at that." Watson was half inclined to ask himself whether there might not, after all, be something in that talk about second-sight, and could not quite rid himself of the idea that what he had seen was a portent of coming trouble for his old friend. His host's thoughts on the strange event took a more practical turn, which showed that he had been unable to treat the matter as a mere freak of the imagination.

During the two days of his sojourn at Cruxwold, he contrived to see every female servant in the house, and assured himself that among the whole number there was not one tall slim woman with fair hair. And this discovery set him wondering still more.

CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the next two days Hilda made up her mind half a dozen times to ask Miss Fisher what had made her hurry home in such a frantic fashion on the day of Pierrepoint's arrival from town; but she always forgot it during the hour she spent with the invalid morning and evening, and at last she forgot the incident altogether.

The sprained foot turned out a more obstinate matter than Miss Fisher had prophesied, for it kept her a close prisoner to her room for the better part of a week.

Hilda was quite busy during this time. She was anxious that Miss Fisher should not feel herself slighted in any way, and she was equally desirous to do her duty as hostess to her husband's old friend, who made no attempt to conceal the great pleasure her society afforded him.

"This is my last peep at home-life for many a month to come," he would say, rising delightedly at her approach and placing a chair coaxingly in her way; "let me have as much of it as I can!"

Miss Fisher contrived to find out how much of her time Mrs. Hayes spent with the gentlemen, and made sundry little remarks about his improvement in her spirits and the cause thereof. But, though Hilda always received those playful attacks quite pleasantly, she was never confidential on the subject. She was keener-witted than Miss Fisher imagined. Hilda never forgot the touch of veiled sarcasm on the one occasion when she had been inclined to speak warmly of her husband, and she was not likely to lay herself open to a repetition of it.

Dissimulation was not easy to Hilda however, and, in spite of her reticence, Miss Fisher saw a great change in her young patroness during her husband's stay—a difference which showed itself less in her actual conduct than in the ring of her voice, the glance of her eyes, her more vivacious manner.

Miss Fisher was not the only person who noticed the change and set it down to its true cause. Mr. and Mrs. Burtenshaw saw it when they dined at Cruxwold at a few hours' notice on the Saturday evening; and kind-hearted Malcolm Watson saw it, and steadily continued his innocent stratagems for healing the lamentable coolness between his friend and his pretty little wife.

Mrs. Burtenshaw was in despair at Miss Fisher's accident.

"So wretched for you both!" she said to Hilda. "It would not have been so awkward if you had had time to get used to each other; but to happen when she had been barely twenty-four hours in the house! You must feel it such a responsibility to have her up there all alone! How did it happen?"

"I think she herself hardly knows," replied Hilda. "She tripped and fell down two or three stairs, and she fancies she must have caught her foot in the balusters as she went. You shall go up to her after dinner and have the story from her own lips."

"Poor thing! It was very unfortunate for her just when she thought she was going to be so comfortable; and yet I feel inclined to shake her for choosing just this time to lie up. We were talking about Miss Fisher's accident," she went on, addressing her host, as he came up and offered his arm to take her in to dinner. "It is most unfortunate your not being able to see her before you go away."

"But it is not very important, is it?" he asked, struck by the gravity of her manner. "I shall no doubt see the lady on my return."

"Oh, of course!" she answered. "Only so much may happen in six months, you know, and I should have felt more comfortable if you had known her before you started."

For a few moments Hayes looked rather puzzled at this speech, and then a sudden light seemed to dawn upon him.

"You thought I was going abroad with Watson for the winter?" he said. You have seen that stupid paragraph in the paper? I never thought about that."

"But Mrs. Hayes thought so too; that was why she engaged Miss Fisher—because she dreaded the lonely winter."

The words were no sooner uttered than the indiscreet little lady could have bitten her tongue from annoyance.

"Yes, you see, I thought so myself until a few hours ago," he returned, quick to cover her mistake; "so of course Hilda did. And that reminds me—I have forgotten to give her a very important message I received in one of my afternoon letters, for she ought to send a line in answer to it to-night. You are going up to see Miss Fisher after dinner?"

"Yes—most likely."

"Then will you ask my wife to stay down-stairs; she will just have time to save the post. Ask her to wait in the drawing room, and I will come to her at once. And I beg you not to mention my change of plan to any one for a day or two, Mrs. Burtenshaw; I may alter my mind again at the last moment."

"Well," she said, with an incredulous smile, "if anybody else had told me you were a vacillating man, I should have refused to believe it."

He smiled too, in his usual grave manner, but refused to defend himself from the accusation.

"I wonder what Mrs. Hayes will do about Miss Fisher now," she went on, after listening for a minute or two to the brisk conversation between her husband and Mr. Watson on the other side of the table. "I'm afraid you will find her rather in the way if you are going to be at home."

"Not at all," returned Hayes. "To tell the truth, I am glad she is here, for I shall be compelled to spend a great deal of my time in London between now and Christmas, and I shall be pleased to know my wife has pleasant companionship always handy. I am threatened with that most unenviable and expensive of luxuries, a law-suit, Mrs. Burtenshaw, and I expect it will monopolise a great deal of my time."

She was sympathetic at once, and he felt he had made a master-stroke. Mrs. Burtenshaw's father had lost his life's earnings in a law-suit. He had been a miller in rather humble circumstances. She never tried to conceal her parentage, because she could not see anything to be ashamed of in it—an opinion in which Hayes coincided with great heartiness.

"Ah, but all people don't think like you!" she said, shaking her head merrily at him. "Some of the ladies in the neighborhood say the way I thrust my vulgar parentage forwards on all occasions is positively shameless. One of them told me so; and I told her in return that I didn't think my parentage was vulgar, that, in spite of his floury cap, my dear old father was as true a gentleman as the county owned, and that, if I was driven to a choice between the two, I would rather be respectable than highly born any day in the year."

"And I think it was well said," rejoined Hayes, smiling; "but there was something else intended, I suspect. It was a more spiteful speech than it sounded, wasn't it?"

She laughed and looked guilty.

"Yes, it was. But I am not angelic by nature, Mrs. Hayes. When the Cruxwold ladies calmly ignore my position in the parish, as a general rule, I manage to keep my temper; but, when they begin to talk slightingly about my father, I can't bear it quietly. Some of them are a little surprised at Mrs. Hayes' want of taste in taking me up."

He glanced across the table at his pretty wife, looking very bright just now in the excitement of some pleasant argument between the Rector and Watson.

"Taking you up!" he said softly. "I think she would be surprised if she heard you crediting her with attempting such a thing. She hasn't been about enough to pick up any of those paltry notions. Not that I believe she ever would have them," he added quickly; "she is too true a lady by nature to patronize anybody."

There was an expression on his face as he spoke of his wife which made the Rector's wife feel sorry for him.

There had been one of those capricious changes in the weather that day which sometimes follow a period of intense heat. The park was hidden in a white chilly mist, and, when Hayes went across to the drawing-room directly after, he found the curtains all drawn, plenty of bright lamps about, and a cheerful fire burning in the polished steel grate.

Hilda was sitting near the fire, with tips of her dainty slippers on the fender, and Minnie and Tittums—the only dogs that slept in the house—were on the rug at her feet, decoyed at last, by their love of a fire, from faithful attendance at their master's heels.

With that little group in front of the fire, the room looked more home-like than he had ever seen it, and his heart was filled with a longing for what might have been. Hilda assumed a more upright position at his approach, as she would have done if it had been Watson or Mr. Burtenshaw. He tried not to think how delightful it would been if, instead of that prim little straightening of her figure, she had just raised her head at his approach and smiled a tender smile of welcome, and he had bent down, without the least fear of startling her, and kissed the pretty upturned face. It was a maddening thought, as maddening as the vision of purling streams to the traveler dying of thirst in the desert, and he put it from him with a feeling of contempt for his own folly.

"It was about our arrangements for the winter that I wanted to see you, Hilda," he said, leaning against the mantel. "I found out from something Mrs. Burtenshaw said at dinner there had been some little mistake, and I thought it best to set it right at once."

"A mistake?" she echoed vaguely. "I understood it was a message."

"Yes—I did say so. I could not very well tell her the exact truth, that I wanted five minutes' private conversation with you, and had to scheme to obtain it." She flushed distressfully and remained silent, with set lips and clasped hands. "It seems that you saw that paragraph in the papers about my joining Watson in his trip to Africa."

"Yes."

"And believed it?"

"Yes; I saw no reason to disbelieve it."

"No? Then you have not formed a very flattering opinion of—— I mean you cannot think I trouble myself much about your wishes and feelings."

"I don't think I understand."

"Oh, I don't mean to infer that you have a wish one way or the other about my coming or going, Hilda; I am not such a fool as that! What I meant was that you did me injustice in believing I should leave you in your ignorance of any such plans if I had made them. Did you imagine I should have so little thought? I wonder you had not a little more faith in my determination to save you from any unpleasant remarks by every means in my power."

Now that the case was put to her so plainly, she too wondered at her own credulity; but she could not find the words to tell him so.

"My first thought," he continued, "when I found out how unfairly this marriage had been foisted upon us, was to save you from the scandal which would inevitably fall upon you if the truth became generally known; and that is still my main desire. If it were not for the misery my constant society must cause you, I would even try to pose in the eyes of our neighbors as a model husband. Oh, you need never be afraid"—with a patient smile as she attempted to speak—"that I shall put such an infliction as that upon you, or indeed upon myself! In our unhappy circumstances it is better for us both that we should not put too great a strain upon our self-command; that is why I am arranging an elaborate string of excuses to account for my being absent from home most of the time during our stay here. When we are in town, it will not matter so much; we shall both have our separate occupations. Although living under the same roof, we need not see much of each other."

"Then," she said nervously, after a pause which had grown terrible to her—"then you are not going with Mr. Watson?"

"Not to Africa—no. I am going with him as far as Marseilles; but I expect to be back in six or seven weeks. You see, I have promised to do a few weeks' hunting here in November. I would get out of it if I could; but it was such a definite arrangement that I'm afraid it would look peculiar if I attempted to break it. There are the horses too, bought on purpose——"

"Oh, please don't think of altering your plans!" she interposed. "I assure you—— I mean that I think I should wish myself dead if I knew I was interfering with you in any way."

"Interfering with me!" he muttered; and, with a hopeless shrugging of the shoulders, he walked away to the other end of the room, and stood for a few moments looking out of the window into the dusky conservatory.

[TO CONTINUED.]

WEDDING CUSTOMS.—In all civilized countries the bride contributes her share of the household goods. Here they follow the cosy German custom, although not entirely, for whereas the "Fraulein" begins to have table-cloths, napery, and sheets made up for her future wedding long before any bridegroom makes his appearance, and in fact while she is at her school-books, the American girl's purchases of house-linen are the first indication that the wedding is near at hand.

There is a great deal of pride and considerable money to be expended in these dainty preparations, and the poorest girl in that country much prefers to furnish this part of her future home-stores for herself.

In France, however, the expectant husband begins to pay his lady-love's bills before marriage. The bridegroom-elect formerly sent unmade dress patterns of rich materials. He now has to present them already made up.

The bride's mother usually furnishes three gowns, the wedding-dress, the traveling-dress, and one other, which is worn at the family party preceding the wedding, called the "contract" party. The future husband is expected to furnish all the others, the number varying from four to twelve.

In England the husband's share of wedding preparations includes the house-linen, which is, of course, marked with his family initial, and not that of the bride.

What a diversity of good taste, or what is considered good taste, in different countries these wedding customs show! Though we take many fashions from France, it is not likely this will ever or soon be adopted here.

A MUSHROOM WHICH INTOXICATES.—The inhabitants of the northeastern part of Asia use a mushroom to promote intoxication. It is known as the fly-blown mushroom, and is also very abundant in Scotland.

The fungus is gathered in the hottest part of the year, and is then hung up by a string in the air to dry. Some are dry before gathered, and these are stated to be far more narcotic than those artificially preserved.

Usually the fungus is rolled up like a bolus, and taken without chewing, for, if masticated, it is said to disorder the stomach. One large or two small fungi produce what is looked upon as a pleasant state of intoxication for one day.

The effect is the same as that produced on taking a quantity of spirits or wine, except it is delayed from one to two hours after the bolus has been swallowed.

At first it produces very cheerful emotions of the mind, it renders some persons exceedingly active, and is a stimulant to muscular exertion; thus, if a person affected by it wishes to step over a straw or a small stick, it impels him to take a jump sufficient to clear a low hedge or the trunk of a tree; it keeps those fond of music perpetually singing, and, under its influence, a talkative person can neither keep secrets nor silence, hence it is a source of danger to ladies and politicians.

THE RIVER SPIRIT.

BY BAB.

The water lilies with their cool dark leaves,
Pale faces, and gold hearts, compose my bed.
And rocking in the breezy twilight gloom
I lay deliciously, half live, half dead;
The rosy glory of the setting sun,
Proclaiming silently, The day is done!

I float upon my river's azure breast,
Flooded with silver by the orb of night,
And gaze upon the lustrous diamond gems
That deck the heavens with a deep delight,
Then catch their reflex with astonish'd glee,
And wonder how the stars come down to me!

Now, madrigal from glad melodious birds
Announces the advent of the new-born day,
And the sweet flush of ever-welcome dawn
Forces the discrown'd night to glide away,
While birds are shouting, from their leafy home,
A laughing chorus, for the morn has come.

What I Did With It.

BY L. A. C.

I CAN'T think what induced me finally to go to that bazaar. It was a scene in every way unsuited to a person like myself, an old bachelor in habits, if not in years; for though I was not an old man, I had always led a quiet, secluded life among my books and antiquarian curiosities, my only recreation being now and then to attend scientific meetings or dinners.

It was true I had not long passed forty, but my youth seemed long ago; all fresh gaiety of spirit had been buried in the grave of my young hopes.

Ours was a small family, and death had been busy among us; so I had only two living relations, married cousins, who, with their wives and children, resided near me at Dorkhampton, a small spot twenty miles distant from London, where I possessed much landed property.

These cousins always vainly trying to induce me to visit them, always (shall I use the ugly word?) toadying me, for I was very rich, and both families, I fancy, had an eye to my wealth.

The world called me a misanthrope, a woman-hater. I never denied the imputation; for since that heartless girl long ago—but I will not rake up ancient stories and reopen old wounds, now, Heaven be praised; so sweetly healed. But I anticipate; and what I was speaking of first was that bazaar.

Well, I repeat, what finally induced me to go I cannot tell. I had no interest in its object, none whatever; in fact I rather disapproved of it than otherwise. I most certainly did and do disapprove of bazaars; I think they are just a medium for ladies to indulge in their favorite and least prepossessing characteristics.

To say the least of it, it is not nice for a young lady to be standing behind a counter, endeavoring by dress, attitude, look, and manner to persuade people to buy things that are of no earthly value to them.

Such are my opinions in the theory, if not in practice, for I undoubtedly did go to that bazaar, partly, I think, because I was tired of saying I would not. I wanted to send them a sovereign to get out of it, but they would not let me off.

My two cousins, Mrs. Granville and Mrs. Moore, were to have stalls—counters, I called them—and their two eldest daughters were to help. It would look so strange if I stayed away, they pleaded.

The day before the event came off they called on me. I always felt these occasional calls a terrible infliction.

"You see, Cousin James," they said, "you are the principal person connected with us; and if your carriage is seen at the door, and you are a purchaser within, every one will come too. Besides, we've put our bills, 'Under the patronage of James Chester, Esq.'"

"And you would not wish people to say we took them in," chimed in another of the girls.

Then they began to bother me, and use all kinds of stupid arguments. They were always so overpoweringly affectionate, too.

I don't think they would have triumphed, but that, as I glanced from them to a young lady, who Ada Moore had introduced as Miss Grahame, a friend of hers, I saw a smile of amusement on her very pretty face.

"Don't you see, Ada," she said, "Mr. Chester is proud of his obstinacy, and does care for us, whether we are gratified or no, so long as he is true to his prejudiced determination.

"You are hard on me, Miss Grahame," said I.

"Not at all, Mr. Chester," said the young lady. "I disapprove of bazaars as much as you do, besides disliking to assist at them, as they are very fatiguing; but, rather than vex Ada, I am going to make a holocaust of my dislike, and intend holding a stall full of rocking-horses, toys, dolls' houses, etc., etc. I shall expect you to be a large purchaser thereat, for I know you will come, after all; men are so odd!"

After this, they left me in peace once more.

"Men are so odd, are they?" I muttered. "Rocking-horses, toys, dolls—what rubbish!—and why should I buy them?" Yet, when the next day came, I did go—I wonder why. I suppose because I was odd.

It was not a disagreeable scene. The stalls were all freshly decorated with choice flowers, and lots of bright colors. The ladies were dressed airily and gaily, and they seemed very happy, all of them. My cousins looked especially so, when I came in.

However, I did not go near them just at first, for I must own to feeling just a little bit ashamed of myself. As I was passing the corner of a stall in a heedless, inattentive manner, I chanced to knock down a box of tiny cups and saucers. Such ridiculous little things! When I stooped to pick them up I wondered any man could be such a fool as to waste his time in making such trash.

I suppose I uttered these thoughts out loud, for a voice at my elbow said, "I dare say you enjoyed drinking out of such cups once, and thought the man who made them must be very clever."

It was Miss Grahme who spoke, and it was her stall that I had been thus disturbing.

"Perhaps," I answered; "but then I thought as a child, and spoke as a child, but now——"

"Do not be irreverent, Mr. Chester," she said; "and let me tell you that I am very glad to see you here."

"Are you are not more surprised than glad," I said, ironically,

I always mistrusted those smooth phrases which women so well know how to make use of.

"No, I am glad," she replied;—"glad that you have yielded, and glad because you are making me enjoy a small 'triumph.'"

"Which is——" said I.

"That I read your character aright," said Miss Grahame. "I said you would come after all."

"Your are dangerous, Miss Grahame," I replied, "and will be reading my other characteristics, I fear."

"Or those you affect to have," she added.

"Am I so affected then?" I asked.

"Come, Mr. Chester," said she, "I must mind my business, and cannot stay answering your questions. Now come, what shall it be—tea things, a drawing slate, a doll dressed in the latest fashion, or a——"

"Unless you wish to drive me away in despair, don't tease me to buy, Miss Grahame. What on earth is that?" I asked, pointing to a long wooden box, with the front of a house, five windows and a door, painted on it.

"That? Oh, don't you know? That's a doll's house."

"Is it?" I remarked, not a bit wiser.

"Yes, look here," she said; and she threw open the whole side of the house, windows and all—a process peculiarly airy and unexpected for the inhabitants, I should imagine.

There were five rooms within, two sitting-rooms and a hall, all most exquisitely furnished, from the smallest kitchen requisite to a set of dressing-case bottles on the toilet table of the best bed-room, before which a doll in a dressing-gown was seated, at an angle peculiar to wooden joints.

I could not tell which I admired most, the exceedingly clever workmanship and skill displayed in this complete miniature of a villa residence, or the grace and vivacity with which Miss Grahame showed me all its merits, from garrets to cellar. I praised the doll's house and its cicerone, actually yielded to her entreaty to purchase something.

"You shall choose it," I said; "only for goodness' use discretion in your choice."

She selected a man of india-rubber, that squeaked and was squeezable, from among the heap of rubbish on her stall. It was a valuable possession to a man of my taste.

Thence I wandered to another stall, and by and by found myself to be the possessor of a set of pen-wipers, more or less hideous, a smoking-cap, which was particularly useful, as I never smoked, considering it a nasty habit; a pair of slippers of an outrageously ugly pattern; and a book-marker.

"Surely," I thought, "I've bought enough now; so I'll be off."

I ought to mention here that this bazaar, though for a local purpose, and connected with Dorkhampton, was being held in London, the committee thinking thereby to secure more money. Now, though I never went into society, regularly, whenever the season came round I moved up to town, into small and inexpensive lodgings, which I preferred to more stylish ones, knowing them to be clean. I liked to be in London when so many scientific men were there, and so much of interest going on. Why I allude to my being in lodgings at the time will appear later. I must now return to the bazaar.

As I way saying, I had just made up my mind to go home, and was threading my way through a crowd of over-dressed people to the door, when I was again caught by Miss Grahame.

"Oh, Mr. Chester, you are just in time," she exclaimed. "The doll's house you admired so much is being raffled for, and I have put down your name for a chance."

"No, no, Miss Grahame," said I.

"Yes, Mr. Chester, yes," she repeated. "You know you admired it; you can't deny that."

"As a work of art it is very curious," said I; "as a personal possession it is simply loathsome. I beg to decline the honor."

"But it is only a half guinea a ticket," she urged.

"Only half a guinea!" said I. "What an exorbitant sum for the chance of possessing a doll's house!"

"But you won't win it, Mr. Chester; indeed you need not be afraid. There are thirty-nine chances to one—I have got forty names to get. Please yield."

"Impossible!" said I.

"Well, let me put your name down, and if I can get forty without it, I will erase yours; if not——"

"If not," I groaned; "ah me, when then?"

So I stayed a little longer till this matter should be decided, wandering about with a Damocles sword over my head. At last the blow fell. A whole chorus of voices belonging to the young Moores and Granvilles came yelling out, "Cousin Chester has drawn it! Cousin James has won the doll's house!"

It was true—ludicrously true; I had won it.

In vain I reproached. Miss Grahame declared it was not her fault that I had been destined to have it. I cursed it as it stood there looking so clean and fresh; I scolded myself for letting my name go down for attending the bazaar at all.

"What in the name of patience can I do with the thing?" I asked.

"Well, Cousin James," said Mrs. Moore, insinuatingly, "I should hope that question might be answered with ease. I know my little Mary would gladly own so splendid a toy; I had almost promised to buy it for the dear child's birthday next Saturday week. She would value it doubly from you."

"But, my dear Mrs. Moore," broke in my cousin, Mrs. Granville, "I am really surprised to hear you speak of Mary in connection with a doll's house. She is really far too big a girl to think of playing with toys any longer and if she still cares for them, I should say the less you encourage that fancy the better. Now for my little ones, who are so much younger, this present would be far more suitable."

"Indeed I do not see that," said Mrs. Moore. "Of course Cousin James can give it to whom he pleases; but I should have thought——"

I did not care to hear more, but slipped away unperceived, while the worthy matrons carried on a wordy quarrel as to which of their interesting offspring should have my property. Meanwhile I made up my mind that neither of them should—no, not if I had to burn or break it instead. Ill-natured, grasping women, I thought.

At the door I met Miss Grahame.

"Will you accept that doll's house?" I asked.

"I!" said Miss Grahame. "Oh, dear no. What good would it be to me? Keep it, Mr. Chester—keep it seven years, and see if the old adage comes true about a useless thing being useful at last. Only let me remind you it must be removed from these rooms by to-night."

Here was a new difficulty. A boy and a barrow could not manage it, it was too big. I nearly went mad when they wanted me to convey it on the top of my neat brougham! At last Miss Grahame suggested a greengrocer's cart, which stylish vehicle was at last hired to convey it to my rooms for half-a-crown. I hurried there in my carriage to prepare my landlady for its reception.

"Mrs. Jones—I—in fact—I want to tell you—I've been to a bazaar, and bought—at least won—I mean there's a doll's house coming in a little while, that must stay here till I go into the country again, or do something with it."

"A what, sir?" said Mrs. Jones.

"A doll's house—a doll's house they called it. Let it stand in the passage, please."

Mrs. Jones was mute; she evidently did not take in my meaning. Meanwhile I drove off to a scientific meeting, and in the intellectual treat there provided for me forgot all about my incubus. But as I returned and entered the house, unperceived, I heard voices raised in dispute, and high above them Mrs. Jones' shrill tones.

"Drat this 'ere lumbering doll's house! It takes up all the room. Our passage is small enough without its being crammed, and I've nearly broke my shins tumbling over the wretched thing. A nice toy for an old bachelor like him! I should be ashamed of myself, if I was him. If he was going to get married it would be another thing; only, if so be, he may go out of this house. I won't have no feminines a running up and down my stairs. I only lets to single gentlemen. A doll's house, indeed!"

All this, spoken with a resounding sniff between each sentence, I heard, as I hurried to my room.

Daily the dose was repeated, until at last the hitherto placid Mrs. Jones came to me, and told me I must have "that 'ere house in my room, she couldn't ado with it any longer in the passage; and if I would not have it there, she was sorry to have to turn out a gent as had lodged with her so many years running, but I must go. That very day she'd lost a lodger through it (confound it!)—a literary gent as had heard of her rooms being so quiet; and when he came to see that there doll's house, he says, 'Oh, children, eh! Thank you, my good woman, your rooms won't do for me.' And when I says, 'It's not mine, seeing I've no children, but it's a gentleman's here, an old, I mean, a middle-aged bachelor.' 'Oh, a lunatic!—worse and worse,' says he; and off he went like a shot. You'll excuse me, sir; but out of the passage it must go."

Anything for a quiet life. I had it in my rooms; but it was very much in the way, and it was worse and worse when scientific men came to consult me on matters that required undivided attention. The undisguised contempt with which they greeted the doll's house and its story, nearly drove me mad. I began to loathe it; I dreamed of it; it haunted me in my studies.

At last, one day when I was over at Dorkhampton, I thought I would call on the Moores, and ask their advice as to ridding myself of this burden. Give it to them I would not on any account; but perhaps they might offer some sensible advice. I was growing desperate about the thing.

There was no one of the family at home, the servant said; but Miss Grahame was in—would I see her?

I hesitated, drew out my card, and finally ascended into her presence, told her my trouble, and asked for her advice. She laughed as she listened to my piteous story.

"It really seems a terrible burden to you, Mr. Chester; I will give it my serious attention, I promise you."

Then we began to talk on other subjects, and I found her to be, to my surprise, a woman full of quiet intellectual power; what she know, she knew thoroughly. She had thought much, read much, could reason well, and was, withal, full of girlish spirit and fun, combined with ladylike winning grace, and true courtesy. I say to my surprise; for among all my studies, I never studied a woman's mind. Now I saw how fair a thing it could be.

I left; but, somehow, my call was repeated — once — twice — again and again. This new study was interesting me. I was almost forgetting the first cause, what I had consulted Miss Grahame about, the doll's house.

One day she said, "Mr. Chester, I think I have found a capital fate for the doll's house—give it to the Children's Hospital; it would be a most valuable gift to those little sufferers.

"I, too, have found a fate for it," I replied. "I was stupid not to think of it sooner. I have just had it moved to one of the many empty rooms of my Dor k.

hampton house, and it now rests with you whether its sight shall be a painful memory to me for ever, or a happy memento, as being the thing that made me acquainted with my life's best joys. Miss Grahame, years ago I thought I loved, but she whom I loved was false; and in my wounded pride I closed my heart thenceforth against all womanhood and love. I scorned, I disbelieved, I scouted all belief in woman's truth, purity, and faith; but now, now I love again. Isabella Grahame, is that love to be the means of restoring me to youth, life, hope?—or is it to be the ordained punishment of my long years of selfish engrossment and unbelief? You must decide for me."

The sweet eyes opposite mine grew grave, the lips quivered.

"Mr. Chester, I—do you really mean this?"

"It is my future life that I now give to you, to do with as you will," I replied. "If you refuse me I shall never hope again."

"Will you have patience with my womanly shortcomings?" she said.

"No; for patience will not be needed," said I.

"Then——"

"Then do you love me?" said I.

"Yes," replied Miss Grahame.

And then the wilderness of my life burst forth, and blossomed as the rose.

* * * * * *

Four years after the event related above, I was sitting in my study, busily writing a paper that I meant to read at the next meeting of the British Association, when my wife entered the room. I knew she must have something especial to say when she thus disturbed me.

"What is it, my love?" I asked.

"James, dear, do you not think, as to-morrow is our darling's birthday, she might have the doll's house. Why should you keep it locked up so carefully any longer, when our little one might have so much enjoyment out of it?"

"If you think she is old enough to appreciate it, let her have it, Isa," was my reply.

My wife went away, pleased and satisfied. We had had several loving altercations about the doll's house, she wishing our little one to have it, and I wishing to keep it unbroken and unspoilt, as a happy memorial. Of course my wife had triumphed in the matter: but then women always do in all matters on which they set their mind.

The morrow came, and our darling received the doll's house. In the course of the morning my sweet wife drew me away from my study, and took me up into the nursery to show me a picture that my eyes can never forget, nor my heart cease to cherish.

Our little golden-haired maiden was seated in wondering awe before the doll's house—that incubus of my bachelorhood. Her soft cheeks were flushed with delight, her rosy lips were parted, her blue eyes full of joy, as she went from room to room of the fairy palace, the gentle mother guiding her little fingers to each successive beauty as she once had guided my cold and criticising eye.

When all was examined her mother said: "Now go and thank dear papa, Issy."

In a moment the little golden head was nestling on my shoulder, the innocent heart swollen to overflow with its delight. Happy childish tears swept like summer rain from the pretty eyes as she clung to me in unspoken thanks for her great birthday present. As I pressed her to me and kissed that sweet face, I could not help smiling at the thought of how I had once hated the sight of that doll's house.

I was glad for the hundredth time that I did go to the bazaar, and this was what became of the doll's house.

An Uncanny Summons.—The following strange experience happened to one of the best known Fathers in the Brompton Oratory, and the accuracy of the facts stated may be relied upon.

Father X. was one day urgently requested by a strange woman to come to a certain house in South Kensington to administer the Sacriment to a man who lay there dying.

Hurrying thither with all possible speed, the worthy Father was astonished to find that there was no sick person at that address at all.

While conversing with the servant the owner of the house came downstairs, and on learning who the inquirer was at once offered him his hospitality while one of the attendant priests should proceed down the street and endeavor to discover the real house where the last rites of the Church was required.

In the meantime his host informed Father X. that it was a curious coincidence that he should have singled out this particular number as he was himself a Catholic; though he was somewhat ashamed to admit that he had not been to mass since his mother died and was now afraid to go.

Father X. assured him he need have no apprehension and finally persuaded his friend to promise to resume his church-going on the following day.

The messenger at this point returned and declared he had been totally unable to find anyone lying at death's door in the neighborhood. The search was accordingly abandoned, and the Father proceeded to the Oratory, his mission unfulfilled.

The following day Father X. was again summoned on the same errand. This time there was no doubt concerning the mansion, but the owner lay dead ere the little procession entered the portal.

It was the very house where the Father had sat on the previous afternoon, and the lifeless body stretched on the bed was that of his late entertainer.

Standing on a table near at hand was the miniature of his mother; and Father X. was startled and amazed to recognize in her features those of the strange woman who had fetched him to her son the day before!

A Deceived Minister.

BY F. F. A.

SOME years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal German churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B——, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without numerous applications to him for assistance of various kinds, and no applicant was ever sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was compelled by indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She said that she had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a silversmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her wretched by his persistent and outrageous ill-treatment, without the slightest provocation or retort on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house. "Bring your husband to me," he said.

"That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspect that a rebuke is waiting for him, he will not come. No, he must know nothing of it beforehand. But if I tell him that you wish to buy something from him, then he'll not fail to wait on your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought," said the pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea-service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one," said the woman. "It is indeed most beautiful!"

The next day the silversmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but advanced to meet him, saying, "Ah! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence," said the man, "I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone, the good clergyman began to speak urgently upon the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vow which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the pastor begged him to hear him to the end.

"What excuse can you make for your conduct?" he asked in conclusion. "What is the cause of it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence. I am——"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, reverend sir; I have never beaten my wife——"

"How?" said the pastor. "Do you deny it?—lie?"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married."

"Why, your wife is at this moment in the next room."

"Who? My wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. That woman is your own housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The pastor began to look uneasy. "She certainly is no housekeeper of mine. She must be a mad-woman," said he.

"Or a thief," said the silversmith.

They went hastily into the next room—but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and planned that it would have succeeded with the most prudent and circumspect. The silversmith left the silver in the outer room in charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the pastor, while the latter confided it to the keeping of the soi-disant wife of the former. Had the matter been brought into litigation, whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good pastor had no thought for such an alternative. He felt compassion for the poor man, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

The Office Cat.—It isn't every cat that has the good fortune to come into a settled income, but that pleasing distinction from the rest of his race is enjoyed by an animal attached to the Produce Exchange staff.

He has had the job of looking after the mice and rats on the big Exchange floor ever since his kittenhood, and he is now very nearly a full-grown cat, and a sizable one as well.

Grain samples are sure to attract the rodents, and the Produce Exchange did not secure exemption from their visits. Traps were tried with some success, but the relief thus obtained was only temporary, and it was finally decided to resort to a cat.

To secure one which would not run away at the first opportunity, it was deemed wise to obtain a kitten, which, having no experience of the delights of midnight battles on back fences, would be satisfied to get along without them. The theory of this has proved to be correct. The cat never leaves the main floor of the building, and apparently is satisfied with the hunting ground it offers, spending the nights there with praiseworthy regularity.

At 9 o'clock each morning he gives up business and seeks rest in a carpeted corner of the Superintendent's office.

When the gong rings at 3 o'clock to warn the brokers that the Exchange day is over the cat starts out to patrol his beat, making a leisurely circuit of the hall and completing it about the time that the last stragglers are disappearing. He is a good hunter, and eclipses the achievements of the traps, his presence on the floor at night having resulted in rendering the rats and mice far less a nuisance than they were. His pay comes in the shape of regular rations, while a polished metal collar about his neck shows that he is the "official" cat of the Exchange.

Keep the Birthdays.—Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let any thing prevent some token, be it ever so slight, to show that it is remembered.

Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to day," and is soon "going to be a man."

Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they "are nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Susy or Harry, years afterwards, when, away from the hearthstone, they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them in the old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns of their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

Scientific and Useful.

Tea Lead.—One of the industries in connection with the tea trade is the collection of the lead with which the tea chests are lined. China has been noted for many centuries for the purity of its lead, and this tea chest lead, as it is called, is regarded as the finest in existence. There are many uses for it; it is found very valuable in making the best kinds of solder.

Electric Heaters.—Electric heaters are found to be excellent for use in conservatories on account of the absence of all unwholesome gases or vapors which might injure the plants, simplicity of construction in the parts conveying the energy, perfect safety as regards heat, which can be regulated at will, cleanliness and convenience and rapidity in starting and extinction.

Tortoise Shell.—The obtaining of tortoise shell involves intense cruelty to the tortoise. When the creature is caught it is fastened down to the ground and covered round the shell with leaves and grass, which are set alight. The heat forces the scales of the shell to separate, and they are then cut off with a knife. The poor reptile is then released to grow fresh scales.

A Death Test.—The microphone, used as a death test, recently prevented the premature burial of a woman in St. Petersburg, who, when in a state of syncope, was pronounced dead from paralysis of the heart. All other tests having failed, the microphone was applied to the region of the heart and showed that it still beat, and the woman was after some time resuscitated.

Lights.—A Board of Naval Experts recently made tests which demonstrated that white signal lights could be seen twice as far as red or green lights; and there has now been perfected an invention by which railroad trains may be signaled by using white lights only, and giving the necessary signals by position, as is done in the day time. Even where they may be no color-blindness there is always an uncertainty in the use of colored lights, and this new invention will doubtless be conducive to the further safety of the public.

Farm and Garden.

Old Hens.—Old hens that are too fat to lay will make elegant roasters, and will pay better disposed of as such, than to keep for the few eggs they will lay this winter.

Whey.—Whey is more valuable than may be supposed. It contains more sugar than cream, skim milk or butter milk, and its use as food for pigs demonstrates that it is a valuable substance for that purpose.

Taking Care.—A man who keeps his fence repaired, his gates swinging on their hinges, his barn doors hung, his buildings painted, farm machinery out of the front yard, brush and boards and straw in proper places, is likely to find many other desirable conditions attending him.

In Winter.—A wet pig pen in winter is a difficulty which many farmers dread, and there is a loss in weight of the pigs when the pen is not dry. Make a strong floor of poles, and have the floor raised a foot or two above the level of the ground surface. Upon the poles put a foot or two of straw and leaves, adding more leaves to the litter daily. In a short time the litter will be well packed down on the poles, making an excellent pen, which will be always dry as the space between the poles of the floor will permit the water from rains to flow through.

Watering Streets.—A machine for watering streets, lately devised, presents externally the aspect of an ordinary street-car, in order that it may not frighten horses, but it consists in reality of a large iron-plate reservoir filled with water. This latter is distributed over the track and at the sides by means of a horizontal pipe containing numerous apertures. This pipe is jointed at the extremity near the car, and can, through a simple manœuvre, be lifted against the side of the car to allow of the passage of the few ordinary vehicles that happen to be on the street during the hours in which public sprinkling is usually done. Two men standing in front manœuvre the car and the pipe.

Jack—"I thought that you hated Jack, and yet have accepted him." Bess—"I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella and said if I refused he would let the rain drip on my new hat."

Two or Three Colds in Succession will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 14, 1893.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $1.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 4.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 720 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

NOTICE.

Our subscribers and readers who desire "ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE" in connection with THE POST can have them both an entire year for $2.25.

Address all orders to,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Long Life.

The civilization of to-day is distinguished from that of past ages in nothing more than in the respect it pays to human life. Barbarism is cruel, lavish, and wasteful; semi-civilization often equally so; but when true enlightenment and Christianity step in, the respect paid to the perennial miracle of life is at once marked and established.

Life, of any sort, in the very highest or in the very lowest form, is a standing miracle. From the lowest polype, hardly to be distinguished from a plant, or the vegetable hardly to be separated from a stone, the same miracle is there, acting in higher or in lower degrees.

The higher we ascend the greater grows the wonder, the more intense and complicated the marvel. Human life is itself a congeries of miracles. From the bulb of the hair, the brightness of the eye, and the redness of the lip, to the indurated skin upon the sole of the foot, the body of man is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Not only this, but his origin and his growth, to the maturity of the man, is but an extension of the miraculous chain. The pulsation of the heart, the extension of the finger, is each wonderful; what then are the reception of outward nature upon the eye, the growth of thought in the brain, the eloquent language of the tongue. Full of wonders are the Almighty's works.

So much for the importance of the subject. We shall now endeavor to show that more knowledge would enable us to extend the sum of human life, because such knowledge as we have has enabled us to do so already to a great extent.

We shall try also to prove that human life is not necessarily short; that its extension depends, under the will of God, very much upon man himself; that it, as we believe it to be, it is good, it is a duty to preserve and increase it.

It is well to follow those scientific men upon whose researches this essay has been built in the divisions into which they have marked out their subject—Life. Naturally it divides itself into two parts, the first wherein the body increases in strength and size, infancy and youth; the second wherein it decreases, manhood and old age; but these again may be subdivided.

The first ten years constitute infancy; the second ten boyhood; the third ten youth, from thirty to forty, second youth, in which all the illusions of the first too often die out; the first manhood from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy; then comes decay; from seventy-five to eighty is the period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age commences.

These divisions seem to us very reasonable, and we predict that one who lives a life in all things temperate and natural will find these not strongly marked indeed, but insensibly shading into one another. Should any of our readers quote against us the tenth verse of the 90th Psalm, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," we can only say that in that "song of Moses," the royal Psalmist took poetic licence.

Many of the patriarchs doubled, nay quadrupled the given period; nay at that time the sum of life on an average was longer as now it is much shorter; and we would further answer, that to make an average fall below is equally false with making it fall above the truth. If we fix the limit of life at seventy, old age must begin very much earlier than the time at which we have fixed it.

By physical analogy, we shall find that man grows for twenty years, and his natural term of life should never be less than one hundred. Great prudence in living, immense strength of constitution, and other circumstances, should secure for men even a longer period of existence.

But then we go to bed late and rise late; we strain our faculties, misspend our youth, distress our minds, crib, cabin, and confine the body in the very narrowest limits, and then expect the body to endure all this, and when it suddenly grows old, or succumbs, we put down the fault at the wide door of Nature.

Was there ever so illogical an animal as man? There are those who doubt whether dogs cannot reason. When they do reason they will certainly do it better than we do.

The growth of man, or rather the termination of the growth, is very easily determined. The true sign of the term of animal growth is to be found in the union of the bone to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place, the animal grows. As soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses the animal ceases to grow.

Any person of an inquiring spirit, when picking a chicken, can ascertain this truth. A certain substance like gristle, of a very elastic nature, will be found at the end of each bone, and in the very young is so far from being united, that it comes away with the greatest possible ease. This is not thoroughly united to the bones of any animal till it has ceased to grow.

In man this is when he has reached twenty years of age, and the law is therefore not very far wrong when it fixes the term of man attaining the rights and responsibilities of manhood at twenty-one years of age.

Poets have told us that a man may have lived a very long life in a very short space. The value of time is relative. With our increased means of speed, our method of thought, our manner of acquiring knowledge, there is no doubt but that a man of thirty who has at school, college, and business, well filled up his moments, has lived longer than the village patriarch who has passed his bucolic existence quietly at home.

"It may be," cries one hero of our modern writers, "by the calendar of years, you are the older man, but 'tis the sun of knowledge on the mind's dial, shining bright and chronicling thoughts and deeds, that makes true time." "Ay," says another, "we should count time by heart beats; he lives longest who knows most, thinks the wisest, acts the best."

The secret of long life appears to consist in temperence, sobriety, chastity—three virtues strongly inculcated by the Christian religion. Calmness and evenness of temper; faith and its concomitants, cheerfulness and hope, are great conducers to a long life, and also to a happy one.

THERE is a rich field of study for some one in the investigation of the influence of the weather upon the feelings of people. A crowd on a bright, clear day is always a buoyant and merry one. Everyone is an optimist. The mental conditions are practically the same in a heavy storm, be it rain or snow. But when it is half between rain and fair weather, when it is dull and damp and muggy, every person one meets seems to be a follower of Schopenhauer.

THE preacher who deals with the great truths of holy character must impersonate those truths. There is power inherent in truth; but it is often like electricity in a Leyden jar, needing a conductor to develop it. The preacher who best commends the truth of the gospel to his hearers is he who has translated that truth into his own life, until his life is full of it and redolent of it.

I HAVE carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.

WE are nowhere commanded to speak God's praises "with the tongues of men and of angels," but we are everywhere commanded to love Him with all our heart.

IT is better to play the role of assassin than that of calumniator; the assassin inflicts death but once, the calumniater a thousand times.

THERE are people who never accomplish anything because they try to do too much.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE.—The groom puts the ring on the bride's finger. She stands at his left side.

SILCHESTER.—INRI has been often explained. Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judeorum; Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

BOKOS, New Castle.—You might ascertain the age of your piano by addressing the "Steinway Piano Company, New York."

M. B.—The play of "Camille" was dramatized from the novel of "La Dame aux Camelias," written by Alexander Dumas, the younger. The opera of La Traviata is also founded on this book. Corneille was the author of a tragedy bearing this title, in which the French actress, Mdlle. Rachel, took Paris by storm in 1838.

KNOWLEDGE.—1. Eugene Aram was executed in 1759. 2. The nymph Galatea was enamoured of Acis, a Sicilian shepherd, who was crushed under a huge rock by the monster Polyphemus, his rival. 3. Dick Turpin was the son of a farmer. Began life as a butcher, and stole the sheep from neighboring farms by night to sell in his shop by day.

D. V. W.—The parents of the bride furnish the notes or cards of invitation to the wedding and their daughter's card, while the gentleman furnishes his own. White kid gloves are the proper coverings for the hands of the bridal party. The guests are not compelled to wear them, but usually choose some light shade. Tan-colored gloves would hardly be appropriate.

C. W. E.—A Cornish miner named Trevithick invented the first locomotive, in 1802. From that time improvements in the construction of locomotives went on till George Stephenson, in 1814, succeeded in bringing them into practical use on railways in England, although it was not till 1829 that the great utility of the locomotive was conclusively established for passenger traffic.

R. B.—When an engagement is broken, everything in the way of portraits, letters, or gifts, should be returned by the parties. The same course should be adopted in the event of breaking off a correspondence of the kind described, which in reality amounted to an engagement. It is the safest and best manner of proceeding, thus doing away with any possibility or probability of future crimination or recrimination.

CARLOTTA.—Silver is tested by placing a drop of solution composed of bichromate of potash in nitric acid on the article to be tested. Immediately after this application, the drop must be washed off with cold water. If pure silver is present a blood-red colored mark will appear. Upon German silver the test liquid appears brown, and after washing the blood-red mark is not seen. Britannia metal is colored black.

W. M.—The archipelago of Terra del Fuego (Land of Fire) receives its name from the fact that many of its mountains are volcanic, the lava and volcanic products being seen everywhere. The highest mountains rise from 6000 to 7000 feet, and are covered with snow; the climate is raw and cold, and violent rains and snowstorms occur at every season of the year. On account of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific meeting in this region, terrific tempests are very frequent.

CAMDEN.—We have never heard of the custom of placing magnifying-glasses before the eyes of young horses to train them to become high steppers, it may have been resorted to, but we should think uselessly. The horse looks before him—seldom at his feet. He is near sighted, and shies at objects immediately before him, hardly ever at a distant one, unless terrified by the noise. Much observation has convinced us that horses are timid animals, and that high spirit is often, with them, mere nervous excitement.

MARTIN.—"Faint heart never won fair lady" is a saying pregnant with truth, and if you wish to marry the lady, pluck up courage and purpose. It is foolish to imagine that such a slight difference in ages—she being but five months your senior—will prove an obstacle to marriage. You are too young to acknowledge weak-mindedness, but, on the contrary, should assert your manhood by allowing no one to lead you from the paths of rectitude and truth. Let your word be your bond, and live up to every promise made, taking care to never assume an obligation that cannot be fulfilled to the letter.

J. E. W.—The proper time for the celebration of Easter has occasioned no little controversy among ecclesiastical authorities, and it was out of deference to ancient custom that they were led to adhere to the method of determining the date of this festival by means of the moon. It must be remembered, however, that it is not the actual moon in the heavens, nor the mean moon of astronomers, that regulates the time of Easter, but an altogether imaginary moon, whose periods are so contrived that the new (calendar) moon always follows the real moon, sometimes by two, or even three days. The effect of this is that the 14th of the calendar moon—which had for centuries been considered full moon, for ecclesiastical purposes—falls generally on the 15th or 16th of the real moon, and thus after the real full moon, which is generally on the 14th or 15th day. The rule is, therefore, that Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the paschal moon—that is, the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March (the beginning of the ecclesiastical year); and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. The Christian festival, therefore, never falls before the 22nd of March, or after the 25th of April; the Jewish never before the 25th of March, or after the 25th of April (new style).

DREAM DAYS.

BY W. W. LORD.

Do you long for the days of long ago—
So tender, few and far they seem;
The tender love, the rest and peace,
Of our happy days of dream.

I hold your soul, and you hold mine,
In all love's sacred, voiceless bliss;
Love's seal of faith between us rests,
Bound in the thrill of our last kiss.

At The George.

BY T. L. M.

"END of volume the second," read Etta Verne, closing the book she had been reading aloud; and "How tiresome," cried Mrs. Handley, a captious, fidgety invalid, who had been criticising every incident of the novel, and protesting that it was not worth listening to, until Etta came to this pause.

"That provoking Miss Pugh!" Mrs. Handley went on. "She promised faithfully that her niece should bring me the third volume early this morning, and now it is afternoon. If there is anything that exasperates me it is to be kept in suspense as to the fate of a heroine. I shall not be able to settle to anything else till I know how the story ends. It is too bad of Miss Pugh, much too bad."

"Perhaps she hesitated to send her niece out in such foggy weather," Etta suggested. "Mary has a delicate chest, and soon takes cold."

As Mrs. Handley could not deny this, she kept silence for a minute or two, sighing fretfully, and casting dissatisfied glances around her. She was a wealthy widow, who fancied herself a martyr to various small ailments; and, after wandering about the Continent for years in search of health or amusement, or both, had settled down for awhile near the charming Hampshire village in which she was born, with Etta Verne, a very distant relative, for her companion.

"The worst of these country places," she complained, with a yawn, "is that when the odious climate will not let one ride or drive, there are no other ways of getting through the day; no society worth naming; no shops, no public gardens wherein to lounge away an hour. It's frightfully monotonous. By the way, the fog is lifting a little, isn't it? Would it hurt you, Etta, to walk as far as Miss Pugh's, and fetch that book? then we could spend a cosy evening over it."

The prospect of reading aloud for another two or three hours was not an inviting one. Etta's throat was sore already; but she was glad to accept a proposition that would enable her to escape for awhile from Mrs. Handley's oppressively hot dressing-room, and enjoy a brisk walk.

It is true the month was December, the ground saddened with recent rains, and the mist that hung over the earth hid the scenery, that was pretty even in its winter garb. Still, the change would be delightful, and Etta escaped as quickly as she could from the wearisome injunctions to wrap up, to wear this, and not that; to take this road, and not the other, etc., which were poured upon her.

"After all, you might as well keep to the lower road, my dear," Mrs. Handley came out into the hall to say. "It may not be so very dirty as I fancied, and it takes you within ten minutes of the station. Then you could call there, and inquire if the box has arrived with my new caps. It would not be heavy, and you could bring it with you."

Etta made a wry face, not at being expected to carry a milliner's box—she had no false pride, but was as unaffected and obliging as she was lively and pretty—but the lower road would be a regular slough on such an afternoon as this, and picking her way between the pools of mud would be almost impossible.

However, Mrs. Handley did not like her wishes thwarted, especially by her paid companion, so she pinned up her skirts, regarded her neat boots somewhat ruefully, and set forth on her errand, reminded by the widow that, unless she made great haste, night would set in before she could return.

On this occasion, however, fortune favored her. Before she reached the worst part of the road, she was overtaken by an old farmer whom she knew, and whose respectful invitation to take the empty seat in his trap was thankfully accepted.

Farmer Ralph set the young lady down at the gates of the railway station, and went on his way homewards, while she ran to the platform to find the porter or clerk, who constituted the staff of officials.

But both were too busy and excited to attend to such a trivial matter as a cap box from London. There had been an accident on the line at a point not more than two miles distant, and some of the injured passengers were being brought on to Crowsley, where the village doctor had already been apprised of the catastrophe, and was waiting with bandages and two or three volunteer assistants to render all the aid in his power.

An engine, drawing a couple of carriages, had just steamed up to the platform when Etta came on the scene. The first person lifted out was a lady, young and handsome, her traveling-dress trimmed with such costly fur, that she was evidently in good circumstances.

When rescued from the wreckage she was partially insensible, but more from fright than injuries. These were comparatively slight, and she soon revived sufficiently to put aside the arms of the men who would have borne her across the platform, and haughtily decline any further assistance.

But when she attempted to walk without help she turned giddy, and on raising her handkerchief to her face, and finding it wet with blood, became almost frantic with terror.

It was now that she caught sight of Etta Verne, who shocked and grieved at the tidings of the collision, was hesitating whether to stay or go—willing to come to Dr. Morpeth's aid, if necessary, yet dreading the terrible sights some of his patients might present.

When, however, she saw this lady tottering towards her, with outstretched arms, instinctively she ran to meet and lead her into the tiny waiting-room, past the door of which, a few minutes afterwards, a gentleman was carried on an improvised litter.

Etta hastened to place herself so that this ghastly sight might not be seen by the object of her cares; but the precaution was needless, the lady being absorbed in her self-suffering.

"My arm is bruised dreadfully," she complained, in low, musical tones. "I can scarcely lift it; and my face—is it very badly cut? Shall I be disfigured? Oh, send for a surgeon quickly, or I shall bleed to death!"

Etta endeavored to reassure her.

"Do not frighten yourself; the cut is not deep. See, this small piece of court-plaister I have in my housewife will quite cover it."

"And my head—are there no wounds on that? Are you sure, quite sure? It aches awfully."

And then she began to shudder and sob convulsively, though she shed no tears.

"Oh, horror of that moment! Shall I ever forget it? Will my nights be haunted with it? At one moment, sitting quietly conversing with him, and congratulating myself that I should soon be at the end of my journey—at the next, the crash, the shrieks, the groans, and finding myself unable to move, because he had been flung across me, and was cold, insensible, dead—quite dead!"

But this was contradicted by Dr. Morpeth, who now looked in.

"The gentleman—your husband, I presume—madam," with a glance at the wedding-ring on one of the fingers of the hand he had taken, "is reviving, and if you are Mrs. Everton, he is asking for you. Shall I lead you to him?"

She drew her dark brows together, uneasy, and leaned against Etta, whose arm was passed around her for support.

"Oh, but I cannot go to him! I have a constitutional horror of the sight of blood. Do you think my cheek will be badly scarred? Is he likely to recover?"

Dr. Morpeth answered her last question only.

"He is seriously, but not dangerously hurt. At least, I hope not. With careful nursing, if no fever supervenes, he will do well. I have had him taken to the George inn, where, of course, you will join him, and see that my directions are acted upon."

"I! What can I do?" she demanded, looking helplessly at the speaker, who stared at her in amazement.

"What can you do for your husband, madam? Why, nurse him carefully and kindly; or if you don't feel equal to it," added the blunt doctor, relenting towards her a little, as he saw her face flush, and her white lids droop over her intensely black eyes—"if you don't feel equal to that, why telegraph to London for a trained nurse. The people at the George are a decent couple, who will do their best to make you comfortable, but the only capable woman in the village who could be relied on in such cases, I shall want to look after two poor fellows, workmen, to whom I am now going."

"Stay, doctor!" and the tone was so commanding, that, although vexed at being delayed, the Crowsley practitioner came back a step or two.

"This is such a very ridiculous mistake, that I suppose I had better contradict it at once. Mr. Carlton Durance and I are old friends, and chance made us fellow travelers; but he is not my husband."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure!" said Dr. Morpeth. "Still, as you know him, you will be able to telegraph to his friends. The sooner the better, for he ought to have some one with him at once."

"Rude, impatient old man!" he was angrily termed, as, without waiting for a reply, he hurried away. "He has no consideration for me. How stiff and sore I am!—but I cannot lie down here."

"Will you not go to the George?" queried Etta, on remembering that Mrs. Handley must be expecting her return, yet reluctant to leave Mrs. Everton alone in a railway waiting-room.

Not that she admired this beautiful stranger. Her own more unselfish disposition made her regard with surprised, not unmixed with contempt, the woman who testified so little consideration for those who had not escaped as well as herself.

"Will you not go to the George?" she repeated.

The reply was a curt "No! I must continue my journey. And yet, how can I? I must have some one to protect me or I shall die with fright. What sort of a place is this to which you propose taking me? Is it a good hotel?"

Etta smiled.

"The George is not pretentious enough to be called anything more than a village inn; but it is clean and comfortable, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith bear the reputation of being civil and obliging."

Still, Mrs. Everton demurred, debating with herself more than with Etta.

"I ought not to loiter here; it has quite upset one's plans, and there is no knowing what may result from it. Yet, what else can I do? Yes, I must stay here till——"

She meditated awhile, then demanded a telegraph-form, and her fingers refusing to hold the pencil, Etta, after some hesitation, was employed to transmit a message.

No mention was made in it of the gentleman who had been Mrs. Everton's fellow-traveler. It was simply this:

"Detained at Crowsley by railway accident. Come to me quickly."

Had she quite forgotten Mr. Durance, as she named him?

Etta thought herself justified in smoothing out another form, and inquiring what she was to wire to that gentleman's friends?

Mrs. Everton looked pale and startled.

"Nothing at present. Good Heaven! I would not have them find me here! It will be soon enough to-morrow. He is not in any danger, is he?"

Before it could be objected that this was not fulfilling Dr. Morpeth's injunctions, the lady had languidly risen, and was arranging her veil over her bruised face.

"Is it far to this hotel? Shall I have to walk? Are there no cabs here? What a benighted hole. Give me your arm, for I am still dizzy. I shall depend on you not to let me be intruded upon for the short time I shall be at this place to which you are taking me."

"But I must return to my own duties," Etta said, beginning to explain who she was, and that she had a long, dark walk before her. However, she could not get a hearing, Mrs. Everton impetuously protesting that she could not, would not, be left.

"Without a maid, or my luggage, and in such a state of suspense and uncertainty, how could I bear it? You are cruel to suggest it. Mrs. Smith may be civil, but I want something more than the civility one pays for. In a word, I want you."

This was very flattering, especially as it was accompanied by a caressing pat on the shoulder.

"I am not my own mistress," Etta urged; "I am only the companion of a lady residing near Crowsley, without whose permission——"

"Then send her a message, or a note, to say that your absence is unavoidable. You can defer all explanations till the morning, by which time I hope to be en route for Paris. At what hour does the mail train pass through? You need not mention my name in your note. It was foolish of Durance——"

Meeting her hearer's wondering glance, Mrs. Everton checked herself to bid Etta make haste and inquire whether she would be able to get a cup of decent tea at the George, to which house she permitted herself to be conducted as soon as her guide, half frightened at her own temerity in staying, yet aware that, in spite of her many caprices, Mrs. Handley was generous and warm-hearted, had found a lad willing to be her messenger for a trifling remuneration.

* * * * * *

It was the work of time to reconcile the imperious beauty to the lack of what she styled reasonable accommodation. She had demanded, tea and pushed it away as undrinkable. She would not occupy the room made ready for her because, she said, with a shudder, it was so near Mr. Durance's, that she might hear his groans; nor could she be induced to go to bed, protesting that it would be a farce to undress, as she should proceed on her journey as soon as the friend, to whom she had wired, could join her.

Neither would she accept the smallest service from landlady or chambermaid, averring that they had coarse, red hands, and stared at her as if—well, as if there was something suspicious about her.

Etta would have lost patience if she had not detected that Mrs. Everton was laboring under great mental excitement; and attributing this to the terrible scene of the collision, the young girl was very tender with her and compassionate, persuading her to lie down on a large sofa, drawn in front of a cheerful wood fire, and waiting upon her assiduously.

On two or three occasions she fell into a brief doze, and then Etta stole away to make inquiries as to the progress of the injured gentleman upstairs.

He was slowly regaining his senses, she learned, but suffering acutely from pains in his chest and side, attributable to the compression of a broken rib that had nearly penetrated the lung.

It vexed her to know that he was being badly attended to. Mrs. Smith's maids were clumsy and frightened, and Mrs. Smith herself too busy with the customers curiosity had brought to the house to do more than pay an occasional visit to the sufferer.

Why were not his relatives apprised of his critical condition?

This question troubled Etta so much, that at last she boldly put it to Mrs. Everton, who answered with an injured air:

"How you worry me about him! He has no one in London; at least, I think not. Oh, yes, he has plenty of friends and acquaintances. Poor Carlton! everyone likes him. His only fault is his want of a settled income. He is a journalist, and very clever. You can send for half-a-dozen people as soon as I am gone."

"And if he should die to-night, on whom will the blame rest?"

Mrs. Everton hid her face in her pillows, crying peevishly:

"Don't say such horrid things! He will not die! How heartless you are to suggest it! It declare you have made me feel quite creepy! How slowly the hands of that clock move. It must be later than that. Cannot you read to me? Are there no newspapers to be had? Pray, find something to divert my thoughts!"

The obliging Etta procured a Daily Telegraph from the landlord, and read aloud, till she found that Mrs. Everton was not listening.

Forgetting the stiffness of her bruises, she had started from her sofa, declaring that she could hear the sound of wheels coming nearer and nearer, and insisting that Etta should go and ascertain if she were not right.

But when the approaching vehicle proved to be only the cart of some benighted farmers plodding home from the market town, she threw herself down on her pillows in a paroxysm of sobs, and moaned that the suspense was driving her mad.

At last a carriage dashed into the courtyard of the inn, a gentleman sprang out, and, after giving some injunctions with respect to the jaded horses, he entered the house, where Mrs. Everton, radiant and eager, met him at the door.

But when he would have taken her into his arms, she put up her finger and drew back into the room, addressing him in rapid, fluent French, half playful, half chiding.

"And this, monsieur, has been the result of your clever idea of traveling separately. I thought you would never come! It has been such a tedious delay! Of course, I am not blaming you, but it has been frightful for me!"

"I have been hurrying to you at a break-neck pace ever since I had your telegram. Our luck is against us, ma belle."

"Yes; but be cautious, for I am not alone," and she glanced over her shoulder

at Etta, who was now about to warn her that she was well versed in the language Mrs. Everton was employing.

But that impetuous lady talked on without noticing her.

"That miserable journey! Everything, luck included, has been contrary! I was recognized as soon as I entered the train, for Carlton Durance was in the carriage. The first time we have met since I rejected him four—no, it must be five, years ago. Of all people in the world, I would fain have avoided him! I lost my luggage, too, in the collision."

"But not—not," and her questioner's voice was hoarse with anxiety—"not those bonds! Surely, you would not come to me, under any circumstances, empty handed?"

Mrs. Everton's eyes flashed, and she bit her lip.

"You do not think of the risks I ran in securing them. But you need not frown, I have them. At least——"

"Well?" he queried, abruptly, "why do you pause? Am I to understand that they are missing as well as your feminine fripperies?"

"No; but Carlton Durance——Hush! hush!" for such fierce execration followed the sound of this name that Etta Verne was moved by an impulse of dread to draw nearer to Mrs. Everton.

"Carlton knows nothing—suspects nothing. It was only that I was trembling lest—you know who—should discover what I had done, and follow me, and so I——"

She was brusquely interrupted.

"Pish! Keep these revelations till you have rid us of a listener. Who is this girl?"

Thus reminded of the presence of Etta, who was longing to make her escape, yet unable to edge her way past the absorbed couple, Mrs. Everton turned towards her, smiling graciously.

"My dear child, how awfully tired you look! I am ashamed to have kept you here so long. Pray go home and get some rest. Thanks very much for your attempts to amuse me. I shall always consider myself in your debt. Adieu! Most grateful, I assure you. Adieu! I really must send you some souvenir from Paris."

At the door was being held open for her to pass through Etta had to submit to this abrupt dismissal. But her cheeks were burning with mortification, and she was at a loss to know what to do with herself until the morning.

She was glad to relinquish the unthankful office of waiting on so selfish and capricious a lady; but Mrs. Everton's treatment placed her in a most awkward position.

The long, lonely walk to Mrs Handley's house, with the knowledge that this lady must have gone to rest long ago, and the difficulty of rousing her household, made poor Etta hesitate to quit the shelter of the George.

"I shall have to ask Mrs. Smith to give me a bed; or if she cannot do that, to let me lie down somewhere till daybreak. After the sun rises I shall not feel afraid to face the mud and the mist."

Accordingly, she went in search of mine hostess. Mine host was in the stables, holding a debate with his ostler.

The gentleman who had just arrived demanded fresh horses to take him to a small seaport where he had a yacht lying, and had sharply refused to listen to a suggestion that it would be advisable to remain where he was till the morning.

Mine hostess was not to be found at all. The lights were out, the customers gone, and receiving no reply to her timid calls, Etta sought Mrs. Smith upstairs.

The door of the chamber in which Mr. Durance was lying stood ajar, and a lamp on a table beside the bed gave the pitying Etta a glimpse of a ghastly face and eyes gleaming with fever.

No one could have heard, unmoved, these gasping entreaties for water, and she asked herself, indignantly, why he was left thus untended and uncared for?

After very brief hesitation she went into the room, and held the glass to the sufferer's parched lips.

He was quite sensible, and thanked her so gratefully that she ventured to arrange his pillows more comfortably, and inquire who was supposed to be in attendance upon him.

"A poor, worn out servant-girl is somewhere near," he answered. "I heard her snoring just now. But don't rouse her, pray! When she crosses the room it jars every nerve in my head."

So Molly, who had commenced her vigil sitting bolt upright on a stool, with her apron over her face, and gradually slid down on the hearthrug, was left undisturbed; while Etta, who saw that Mr. Durance was prostrate with inanition, went down to the kitchen to try and obtain some warm milk.

Here mine host joined her, and explained that he had sent his wife to bed some time since.

"A woman with a six weeks' baby can't afford to lose her rest, Miss Verne; and 'tisn't as if these grand folks were likely to do us any good. They're here to-day, and gone to-morrow, giving a lot o' trouble, and upsettin' everything with their fads and fancies.

"This gentleman will have it all his own way, and I don't care to have my horses whipped and galloped, like the poor brutes had been as brought him here. It's five-and-twenty mile, or near upon't, to Sea Bay; an' 'don't tell me that the roads are bad,' says he. 'What's that to do with it?' says he. 'If your horses ain't equal to the distance, get some as are!' he says. Where am I to find 'em, I should like to know? Does he think I grow 'em like mushrooms?"

Etta left the worried landlord to finish his murmurings, while she returned to Mr. Durance, whom she found with eyes closed, and faint with pain. However, a few spoonfuls of the warm fluid revived him sufficiently to inquire for his fellow sufferers.

"Thank Heaven!" he ejaculated, fervently, on learning that Mrs. Everton's injuries were slight, and Dr. Morpeth's other patients doing well. "I thought I heard a carriage arrive. Did I dream it, or was it Mr. Everton?"

Etta hesitated; yet what could she do but tell the truth?

"I do not think that is the name of the gentleman who had just joined Mrs. Everton."

Carlton Durance looked surprised.

"Perhaps she has sent for her brother instead of wiring to her husband," he surmised. "She would be anxious not to alarm Mr. Everton, as he is in ill health."

Etta was silent. She found it difficult to give the selfish lady credit for such consideration; and Mr. Durance was silent too, for some minutes. When he spoke again, it was to say:

"If Mr. Collis is here, I should like to see him. He would call on the proprietors of the Thunderer for me, and would make arrangements about my interrupted work. May I trouble you to take a message to him?"

"The gentleman to whom I wired, at Mrs. Everton's request, is a Sir Paul Rauston," was the reply, doubtfully given.

Carlton Durance gave a start, that made him groan and writhe; and Etta had to to bathe his face and chafe his hands, before he could speak again.

"Are you sure of this?—quite sure?" he demanded, in a feeble whisper, "Think again. Did she not telegraph to Folkestone to her husband, whom she was on her way to join?"

"If Mr. Everton is a member of Parliament, he is in London, not at Folkestone. I saw in the newspaper that he was to take the chair at a public dinner this evening."

The brows of Carlton Durance contracted, and Etta heard him mutter:

"Has she been deceiving me? Was this why she turned so pale and seemed so disconcerted when we met? So she is playing Everton false, too? Heaven help him, and punish her if she is!"

And now Mr. Smith came lumbering into the room.

"Hope you're getting on, sir? Very good of Miss Verne to be looking after you. The lady down below wants a packet you've got in a case you had slung across your shoulders, and the key of the case off your key ring. If you was asleep I was to help myself."

A flush crimsoned Carlton Durance's pale features. His suspicions were now fully aroused. It had astonished him when the beautiful Mrs. Everton, closely veiled, entered the railway carriage in which he was seated. For her to be traveling third-class was odd, and the explanation volunteered was not less so.

"She was on her way to join poor dear Everton, who was not well," she said, "and he had commissioned her to carry to him certain papers, which were weighing down her pocket. Would Mr. Durance take charge of them for her? He was such an old acquaintance, she knew she need not hesitate to ask any favor of him," etc.

James Everton and Carlton Durance had been dear friends until both fell in love with the same fair and wily woman. She had wavered in her choice till the former inherited a fortune, and the eyes of the latter were opened.

Since then the young men had rarely met, though all feeling of rivalry had died out. The member of Parliament esteemed and, perhaps, envied the brilliant journalist, who secretly pitied him for being bound to a calculating, heartless woman.

Of late, gossip had been busy with her name, and coupled it with that of Sir Paul Rauston, a handsome, reckless roue. He was now with her. It was for him she had sent; to him undoubtedly she was hastening when the collision occurred.

A storm of righteous indignation swept over the troubled face of Carlton Durance, as he gasped an angry message to the wondering landlord.

"Tell Mrs. Everton I am awake and in my right senses. Tell her I will not give up that packet except to the rightful owner."

* * * * * *

Almost too exhausted for further exertions, Carlton Durance watched the landlord shake up Molly, over whom he had stumbled, and go grumbling away; then, by an entreating gesture, Etta was summoned to his bedside.

"You are kind, and I think you are to be trusted. Will you help me in this emergency?"

She laid her hands on his.

"Thanks. I have neither time nor strength to tell you a long story, but I know that the man now with Mrs. Everton is a scoundrel, and if those papers belong to her husband, as I suspect that they do, they must not be allowed to fall into his possession!"

"How is it to be prevented?" asked Etta, recalling what she had herself overheard. "If I can aid you I will, but how?"

Mr. Durance pointed to the case containing them; and told her where his keys were to be found.

"Is there a magistrate near here?" he inquired.

"Yes; Squire Gregory lives at the other end of the village."

"But who will be my messenger?"

Etta ran to the window, and by the light of the ostler's lantern saw that the man was leaning against the stable door, smoking, and waiting for further orders.

"John Gibbson is active and obliging. I should not hesitate to trust him myself."

"Then write as quickly as you can, requesting this magistrate to forward these papers, with all possible despatch, to James Everton, M. P., at Downing Street, and I will contrive to sign it. But there must be no delay, or there may be an attempt to wrest them from me by force."

With trembling fingers Etta pencilled the words he dictated, secured her note to the packet, and, gently opening the window, called the ostler, querying, fearfully, the while, whether she was acting rightly or wrongly in permitting herself to be drawn into so strange and perplexing an affair.

But it was too late to retreat. Ostler John was quite willing to earn the five shillings she was bidden to offer him.

He dexterously caught the packet, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and went off at a quick trot, his footsteps rapidly dying away in the distance.

Etta had but just closed the window, and pulled the heavy moreen curtains across it, when, through the half open door, she caught sight of approaching figures.

Had Mrs. Everton and Sir Paul become cognisant of what she had done?

Involuntarily she shrank behind the curtains, frightened and remorseful. If this woman were an innocent one, how should she ever forgive herself for aiding and abetting Mr. Durance in an act that might do her irreparable injury?

But the faces she was furtively watching were not those of a guiltless couple. Sir Paul's dark looks, and the wild, white visage of his companion, were painfully significant of evil thoughts and intentions.

In the half stupor, half sleep induced by his exertions, lay Carlton Durance, as they noiselessly advanced; the yawning, shivering Molly, who had now scrambled to her feet, recoiling as she met them, and stammering an awe-stricken:

"Lor' to goodness, who be these?"

She was seized by the shoulder in so fierce a grip that she began to beg for mercy, thrust out of the room, and the key turned.

Would Sir Paul use Etta Verne in a similar manner if he caught sight of her too?

Not at all disposed to risk such treatment, she resolved to remain in concealment, and though quivering in every limb with dread of the bold, bad man whom even Mrs. Everton evidently feared, she continued to watch these intruders.

As she had anticipated, Sir Paul instantly sought for and took possession of the case that held the journalist's notebook and writing materials. It was locked, and the key being at that moment in Etta's hand, he ransacked Mr. Durance's pocket for it to no purpose.

While he searched and raved, Mrs. Everton kept glancing uneasily towards the bed.

"He looks as if he were dead, and I cannot hear him breathe. Oh! come away! It curdles my blood to see you tampering with the belongings of a dead man. Poor Carlton! He was always very good to me!"

"Before you begin to talk nonsense," was the angry retort, "will you tell me what else to do? You would be the first to taunt me with my folly if I left here without those bonds."

"Bring the tiresome thing that holds them, and break it open at your leisure," she advised.

"And risk being seen walking away with it. If I break it open it must be here."

Carrying the case to a table, he made several attempts to wrench it apart, and was finally successful.

But when the contents had been tossed over, and what he ought was not found, his consternation and rage were not pleasant to witness.

"Durance must have guessed that we should insist on having them, by fair means or foul," Sir Paul told his equally-dismayed companion, "and has taken the precaution to hide them."

"But where?" asked Mr. Everton; and as she gazed around the apartment Etta held her breathe, lest she should be pounced upon and dragged into the light.

"Probably he has given them into the charge of the landlord. Oh, fool that you were to let them out of your own hands! I must go and cross-question mine host."

"But you'll not leave me here!" Mrs. Everton exclaimed. "I dare not stay by myself."

And though Sir Paul insisted that she should not hamper him with his presence, she stood at the door, casting fearful glances over her shoulder every time the sufferer sighed or moaned, till Barnol rejoined her.

"The fellow downstairs knows nothing—absolutely nothing. I have convinced myself of that," cried Sir Paul, as he stalked back into the green-room. "Durance has them under his pillow."

"And you would take them away?" faltered Mrs. Everton, clinging to her lover. "Ah, be careful. If he should wake——"

She was shaken off with an impatient:

"What care I? We are losing time. The horses are harnessed, and you can go and get into the carriage. I will follow as soon as——"

The sentence was left unfinished; but the lady seemed afraid either to go or stay.

With troubled air she, too, watched, Sir Paul as he leaned over the bed, and with difficulty repressed a scream when the hand that was searching beneath Mr. Durance's pillow was suddenly arrested by that of Carlton himself.

"Villian! what are you doing here?" he gasped. "Would you rob Everton of his wealth, as well as his wife?"

"What is it to you?" was the furious response. "Give back those bonds, or by Heaven——"

Was it Etta's fancy that a weapon was in the hand raised above the head of the helpless and fainting, man, while the lithe, cruel hand of the other were about his throat?

Forgetful of herself, she sprang forward, and, exerting all her strength, thrust Sir Paul away, crying, wildly:

"Would you kill him? Help! help! or there will be murder done!"

But she, in her turn, was fiercely gripped, and would have been dragged on to her knees, if she had not clung to one of the uprights that supported the canopy of the bed.

"So here is some one playing the spy upon us!" cried her captor. "It is she who has the bonds!"

"Yes—yes; it must be she!" echoed Mrs. Everton, now venturing to approach. "I thought we were rid of her an hour ago. She must be silenced, and at once, or her cries will waken the household. Make her give up all she has, and let us escape before there is an alarm, and a fuss."

Sir Paul set his teeth together, and shook Etta in his fury, till she felt as if the arm she had wound about the slender iron, column, would be wrenched out of its socket.

"I will kill them both but what I will have the bonds!" And the girl, writhing in his hold, realised that he meant it—that he was desperate.

"The papers you seek are not here," she told him, as well as she could.

"You lie!" the Baronet hissed; and now there was torture in the brutal grasp, that tightened till she felt as if her senses were leaving her.

But lo! a voice echoed through the room; a voice so resonant, that it brought back her fleeting senses.

"Hullo! what blackguardly work is going on here? You, sir, whatever you call yourself, is that the way to use a woman?"

Pain saw that three persons had suddenly appeared on scene. The landlord, the butler, and Squire Gregory; but she was too confused to understand for some time how it was they came at such an opportune moment.

The butler had reached the Squire's gates just as his own carriage was bringing him home from a dinner-party, and Carlton Durrance's missive was sufficiently mysterious to induce him to bid his coachman turn the horses' heads, and drive him to the George, there to make further inquiries.

When Etta learned this, she also learned that both Sir Paul and Mrs. Everton had vanished, but not together.

In losing the valuable bonds, this false wife had lost her principal attraction, and the Baronet had no idea of being hampered with a penniless, as well as guilty woman. Truly, the punishment of her sins had already overtaken her!

Morning found Etta still feeling acutely the effects of the struggle, and Carlton Durrance so feverish that Dr. Morpeth pronounced his condition highly critical.

However, Mrs. Handley came to the aid of both. He sent Etta Verne home to rest, and herself nursed the young man, till he was able to be removed to her house, where his cure was completed.

The pleasant excitement of doing good has banished several of her fancied ailments; she is much stronger, and more cheerful, and is even meditating taking a house near town for the winter, that she may cultivate the society of the artists and literati to whom Mr. Durrance has introduced her. For she esteems him very much, though she reproaches him playfully for his ingratitude. Did she not nurse him back to health, and has he not requited her by winning the love of her valued friend and companion?

He does not deny the soft impeachment, but he kisses her hand with the respectful affection of a son; and it is with her approbation that Etta Verne will become his bride, just a twelvemonth from the day, or rather night, when she interpose to save his life in the Green-chamber of the George, at Crowsley.

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY.—It is the result of every day's experience, that steady attention to matter of detail lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in [illegible] in the transaction of affairs.

What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half-do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. "I am a man eminent in practical science once observed to me, "it if astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately."

Yet in business affairs, it is the [illegible] how many small matters are transacted, [illegible] to be done over again. Where capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he causes an infinite annoyance, vexation, and trouble.

TRAMP TO GATES—"Are you really so hard up?" Tramp—"Hard up? Why, boss, if I had clothes wuz sellin' at a cent apiece, I wouldn't have enough to buy the armholes of a vest!"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Flower-Girl.

BY J. C. R.

ON returning, after an absence of some years from my native town, I met, among other well-remembered and cherished friends, my old schoolmate and college companion, Herbert Melrose.

"You must come home and dine with me," said he, after a little talk, as he stood holding my hand tightly in his.

"Then you are married?" I returned.

"Oh yes, and I have a very cosy home," he replied. "So you must accept my invitation. I will fix for you as I leave my counting-house this afternoon. It will be quite delightful to have a good chat about old times."

I assented, well pleased with the arrangement; and at the time agreed upon Melrose called for me. On being presented to his wife, I was surprised to see a young and exquisitely beautiful woman with foreign accent and features. There was something very striking in her whole aspect. Once seen, you could never forget her; you seemed to be gazing on some pictured form—a painter's dream of love and grace.

But if her face was my instant admiration, how much more charmed was I, after the reserve of our first meeting were away, to note the simple but true grace of every motion, and to listen to the music of her voice, as she joined, with more than ordinary intelligence, in the conversation that followed.

"Where did did you meet with this lovely woman?" said I to Melrose, at our next meeting.

"The story is a romantic one," replied my friend, smiling.

"Let me hear it, by all means," said I.

My friend then related the following story

"Three years ago I went on the Continent, and passed through Italy. On the day of my arrival at Naples, as I was passing along one of the streets, a lovely young girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm, approaching with a smile, presented a handsome bouquet, and in her musical Italian, asked me to accept it. Such a favor from a fair young stranger was not, of course, to be declined. In taking it I looked earnestly into her face, and her eyes lingered for a moment or two on mine; then she turned, was lost in the crowd of people that filled the streets.

"In relating this incident to a young Englishman at the hotel, he did not seem much surprised. His remark was 'One of the cunning flower girls. How much did your bouquet cost you?'

"'Nothing,' I replied, 'Why should it?'

"'Ah, I perceive you don't understand these Italians girls,' said he. 'You are a fine-looking young fellow, and a stranger, with plenty of money to spend. You are a gallant, too. All this a pair of bright Italian eyes can see at a glance. The girl was simply a flower-girl, and, by her little ruse, expected to receive about ten times the value of her bouquet.'

"'Do you think so?' I asked.

"'Without doubt,' was the reply. 'She will never lose sight of you. Walk out to-morrow; and before you are in the street twenty minutes you will receive another and still richer bouquet from her hands.'

"And he was right. Soon after appearing abroad on the next morning, I received another bunch of flowers from the same fair hand, and the girl was rewarded with a gold coin. She took the money, and, as her eyes fell upon it, and she saw its value, a deep flush passed over her face, and, dropping me a low curtsey, while her eyes expressed thankfulness, she turned, and was in a few moments lost to my view. On the following day, the next, and the next, I looked for my beautiful flower-girl, but saw her not in the streets.

"One day, a week after my arrival at Naples, I rode out to enjoy the charming view everywhere presenting themselves. A few miles from the city I stopped to look through the grounds attached to an old and princely residence, the property of a decayed Italian nobleman. Ruin was upon every side. The fine portico of elaborately-wrought marble had suffered much from time and violence. Statues were overthrown and broken, fountains choked up, and rank weeds were towering over delicate garden flowers, half hiding their beauty, and destroying their perfume.

"While wandering amid these fading evidences of former wealth and grandeur, I suddenly perceived my beautiful flower-girl, sleeping on a green bank. My footsteps awakened her, and she started up with a look of fear. In a moment she recognized me and recovered, in a measure, her self-possession. She was much changed. Her face looked anxious, and there a humidity about her eyes, as if tears were just ready to gush forth. I spoke to her in her own language, and the real kindness and sympathy I felt were understood in an instant.

"I soon learned that she was nearly the last member of an old and noble family, reduced to poverty. In one of the apartments of this ancient ruin she was living with her aged father; and she remained his sole support and comforter. As a flower-girl, she obtained the means of sustenance for her parent. But he was now ill.

"For three days and nights she had watched over him, unwearied in spirits, though her body had suffered from fatigue. The money I had given her had enabled her to remit her efforts to procure the means of sustenance for a few days; but it was now all gone; and, after gathering flowers for another visit to the city, she had reclined upon the soft grass, and there fallen asleep.

"Affected by her story, so artlessly told, I asked to see her father, and she took me to his apartment. While I yet lingered in the room his spirit sighed itself away, and passed to another and better world.

"Thrown thus strangely and providentially in the way of this lovely and innocent girl, in a far-off land, I could not turn from her in her deep affliction. All that was in my power to make less crushing the sorrow that was pressing upon her heart, was done. Learning, after the burial of her father, that she was the last of her line, and that she stood friendless in the world, I procured her a temporary home in a highly respectable English family. Here I saw her daily, and you will not be surprised at the result. She is my wife."

CURIOUS POISONS.—One very interesting result of the modern study of poisons is the discovery of some ground for believing that certain diseases, both of body and mind, may be attributable to poison in the system. Dr. B. W. Richardson, for instance, says that somnambulism, he has not the slightest doubt, "produced by the formation in the body of a peculiar substance, which may be derived from the starchy parts of the body, and has the effect of the chemical substance known as amylene. I believe that," says Dr. Richardson, "because you produce artificial somnambulism by the use of that substance. Under its influence persons can be made to walk about unconsciously in the same way as the somnambulist does."

The same respected authority affirms that there are substances known capable of producing extreme melancholy. "There is a peculiar offensive sulphur compound called mercaptan. A little of that administered to any one produces the intensest melancholy, tending almost to suicide. We can sometimes detect a similar offensive substance in the breath of patients who are suffering from melancholia."

Similarly, there is a well known poison which produces all the effects of scarlet fever. There is another, a large dose of which brings about all the symptoms of cholera; and there appear to be several poisons which produce idiocy or actual madness.

The Hindoos are said to know a drug which, as Mr. Wynter Blyth tells us, has, in Indian history, often played the part of a state agent, and has been used to produce imbecility in persons of high rank whose mental integrity was considered dangerous to the despot in power.

This same writer gives a droll account of the effect produced by a certain root which, in an ancient cloister, the monks once ate by mistake. "In the night all were taken with hallucinations, so that the pious convent was like a madhouse. One monk sounded at midnight the matins; some who, thereupon, thinking it was morn, came into chapel, opened their books, but could not read; others declaimed; some sang drunken songs of a character not befitting the place, and the greatest disorder prevailed."

RURAL Child—"I don't believe the canal company cares much for children." Mother—"Why not?" Rural Child—"In the summer they put the water in so we'll get drowned, and in the winter they let the water out so we can't skate."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An effort is being made to arrange for a grand reunion at the World's Fair of surviving "Forty-nine"—the men who left their homes in the East in 1849 to become gold-hunters in California. It is thought that several thousand of them are still living, and that all would make an extra effort to go to Chicago next year, were a reunion arranged as is proposed. Many of them remained in California, but the majority returned, and are now scattered throughout the States east of the Mississippi.

The street Cambista or money changer is an interesting character in Spanish cities. He stations himself at a principal street corner early every morning, and exchanges a bag of coppers for silver. By 10 o'clock his bag is exhausted and he goes home. All the servants on their way to market get their money changed by him, as they are not skilful in counting and afraid of false coins. He gives them full count, his coppers being obtained from the bankers, who get rid of their coins at a discount. Cambistas are also found seated in the markets with a tray of coppers before them.

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in and around Santa Ana, California, is astonishing. One of them had in captivity in a tree in that town not long ago a wild canary. The ends of the wings, tail and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious pulley arrangement. The bird hung head downward and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle, and would have soon been a prey to its great, ugly captor had not an onlooker rescued it.

A chapter may be written on the deleterious effects of tight collars, and especially that variety which projects mildly beneath the neck, to the manifest discomfort of the wearer and the amusement of beholders. By compressing the veins they of course interfere with the return of blood from the head, and thereby promote red noses and pimpled faces, against which all the cosmetic lotions in the world are of no avail so long as the mechanical cause is allowed to remain. Tight collars are even accused—and with some show of reason—of causing serious defects of the visual apparatus, due to heightened blood pressure, arising from the artificial impediment to the blood flow at the root of the neck. We should not be surprised to find that these execrable contrivances were also responsible for watery eyes, pendent lips, and the general vacuousness of expression which usually characterizes the physiognomy of their wearers.

With the Massachusetts post, during the Grand Army encampment in Washington, went a most interesting relic, being the original stars and stripes, which was brought on by its owner, Mrs. Stafford, of Martha's Vineyard. The flag is the first and original United States flag, but, instead of 13 stars, as might be expected from the number of original States, it only contains 12 stars, which is explained by the fact that at the time the flag was made Georgia was not yet entitled to a vote. The flag was made by the ladies of Philadelphia from the design of the escutcheon of the Washington family, and it is said Washington himself cut out the five-pointed stars. The flag was presented to John Paul Jones, who sailed up and down the Schuylkill to show the appearance of the flag of their country. Afterward it was adopted by Congress, and Jones carried it with him on his ship Bon Homme Richard. In the great fight against overwhelming odds the flag was shot away from its staff and fell in the sea and Lieutenant Stafford leaped overboard and brought it safely to the ship and nailed it to the masthead. Afterward the relic was presented to Lieutenant Stafford by act of Congress and his descendants still retain it.

"I never saw a woman beautiful [illegible] waist of a wasp," said the old bachelor, noting the handsome wife of a fellow-townsman. "Yes," put in her husband, who overheard the praise, "yes, and the sting, too."

FREE For 30 Days. [illegible] CRAYON PORTRAITS [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

HAL AND HIS CHUM.

BY M. A. FINDLAY.

"MARNING to 'e, sir. You an' the young gentleman want my boat this marning? The sea's nicelsh for Master Hal to take a swim, sir."

The old boatman, as he spoke, brought one of his hands out of his trousers pockets, where they usually rested, touched his cap, and then replaced it it slowly while he waited for his answer.

Mr. Briton, the man he addressed, turned to the bright-looking boy at his side, and said

"What do you say, Hal? I can give you another lesson, if you like."

"Oh, I should like very much, dad."

"Then that settles the question, Jem," he added, turning to the boatman.

"Hurray! how good of you! Come along, Jem, I'll give you a hand to launch the Betsy."

A few minutes later, and the rowing-boat, a craft of decidedly tubby proportions, was afloat, the three aboard and Jem's sturdy arms propelling her away from the shore towards the deep blue waters beyond the pier-head. Hal's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"You begins to swim properly, you dew, since Mr. Briton's took you in hand. Learn 'em young, sir, you think?" old Jem remarked.

"Yes," Mr. Briton answered; "and the boy likes it."

"I wish I had put on my old suit this morning," the boy said, pausing in the act of removing his boots; "you said I might try to swim with my clothes on one day."

"Well, it won't be this morning, my boy," his father answered. "I wonder what mother would say if I took you home looking like a drowned rat in that new fluery?"

"Oh, she'd only say I was a regular pickle, as usual," the bright voice laughed back.

That Hal Briton was a bit of a pickle there is no denying, for he was brimming over with life and merriment.

"High spirits: that's what it is, bless him!" the old family nurse would say; and she was quite right. A truer, braver little heart never beat than Hal's. Anything rude, mean, or unmanly he utterly despised: to know the boy was to love him.

"What are those boys on the pier doing to that dog, do you think, Jem?" he asked, as the Betsy gradually drew near to the brown mussel-covered piles.

"Whoy, seems as if they lashing somthut lotke a brick roun' its neck, sir."

"Why, look at them now," the boy continued excitedly, standing up in the boat. "Oh, father! look, they are lifting it up—and—oh! they are never——"

There was no further mistaking the intentions of the rough-looking young men upon the pier, for they lifted up the poor beast, and in another second it fell with a loud splash into the water below.

"Quickly, Jem!" Mr. Briton called out, seizing a spare oar. "Sit down, Hal; we will save it if we can."

But Hal did not seem to hear him, for he still stood up, shading his eyes with his hand, and a look of intense excitement on his flushed face.

When the boat reached the spot where the unfortunate dog had struck the sea, there was no sign of the animal, but Hal, who had never removed his eyes from the place, leaned over the boat's side, and peered down into the still clear depth beneath.

"I can see it, father," he called excitedly, pointing; "and I'm going to try and save it."

"Yes, try, my boy," Mr. Briton said, taking off his own coat; "and I'll help you if you need." The words were hardly out of his mouth when Hal, clothes and all, took a header into the blue salt water.

He disappeared for only a few seconds, and then rose to the surface, holding a struggling fox-terrier by the loose skin of the neck. Mr. Briton was ready, and seizing his brave little son by the arm with one hand and the half-drowned dog with the other, hoisted them together over the boat's side into safety.

"Row back, Jem," he said quietly; but there was a look of real pride in his face as he turned his eyes upon his drenched but happy son. But Hal was not thinking of himself; he was far too busily occupied in cutting away the brick which still hung about the poor dog's neck.

"Oh, dad, I'm so glad he's alive!" Hal presently said, turning to his father; "and oh, I say, I did swim in my clothes, after all."

"Ay, ay, sir; an' Mrs. Briton won't mind, neither, I'll be bound, when she knows 'on't," Jem said. "Yew done well, sir; an' look 'e; the dawg seems to reckon so tew: he's a-licking of yer hand, an' being quite chums lotke a'ready."

So then and there they christened the terrier Chummy, and a valuable friend and comrade he proved himself to his little master before long. The terrier was no beauty as far as looks went, but things are not to be judged by their looks only. He had one white ear that stuck up while the other hung down, but you forgave this little irregularity when you noticed the intelligence of Chummy's face, and his big brown eyes with their knowing expressiveness. He soon learned all sorts of tricks, and he and Hal became inseparable friends.

He used to follow the boy to school each morning, and wait at the school-house door, and accompany his master home at dinner-time. One day he crept inside unobserved, just as the boys were getting ready to leave, and snuffling out the seat where Hal sat, scrambled up alongside, and rubbed his head affectionately against the boy's shoulder, enough to say, "I've found you out, master, you see." And when Hal tied his muffler round Chummy's neck, and put his own cap on the dog's head, and Chummy never moved, but just sat and put on an expression, as to say, "Ain't we chums, we two?" how all the school did laugh, and crowded round to pat him.

That very day, as the pair were going home, and came to the big meadow, which was the nearest way, the dog grew very restless. He crept close up to Hal, and then stopped and looked behind, but his master took no notice, still walking along, learning his lessons as he went. Suddenly, however, Chummy gave such a queer short bark close to his heels that Hal stopped and turned round. Then he saw the terrier standing, with his ears laid back, and a great black bull slowly approaching.

The bull took no notice of the dog, but advanced towards Hal, its great head hanging down in a way that looked unmistakably like mischief. Then suddenly, with a loud bellow, it trotted forward. Chummy seemed to have all his wits about him, and in another instant his sharp white teeth met in the bull's hind leg, and made him look round, if it did not stop him altogether.

That moment was enough for Hal, for fast as his legs could carry him he sped across the field. He had no time to reach the gate—he heard the animal coming along behind him, and the terrier loudly barking. As he ran his red muffler came unfastened and fell upon the ground, but he dared not stop to pick it up, and in another moment the bull had rushed at the garment, which for the instant took his attention from the boy.

An aged and gnarled apple-tree grew not far from the gateway; if Hal could but reach that he thought he would be safe, for he could climb up out of danger. He pressed forward, and almost out of breath, grasped the lowest branch. With a final effort, and in fear if his strength would allow him, he drew his feet from the ground, and struggled to get astride the trunk

The bull was almost beneath him: it was bellowing loudly as it rushed headlong forward; so loudly that Hal did hear voices shouting in the distance. He could feel the creature's breath as it lowered its cruel horns towards him; another second, and he fancied he should be tossed into the air, when the bull's cry of rage was turned to one of pain, and there to his great distended nostrils hung Chummy, his teeth firmly fixed into the enemy.

In an instant the animal had shaken off the terrier, but that instant had enabled Hal to reach a place of refuge in the apple-tree, and all the bull tossed was his satchel of lesson-books, which were scattered far and wide amongst the grass.

Just then Mr. Briton, who carried his gun, and the coachman and gardener armed with pitchforks, came running up shouting, and Mr. Briton directly he came within range fired, and shot the bull dead. He fell with a groan just beneath the apple-tree, with Chummy still barking at his heels.

Then Hal came down from his perch, fortunately quite unhurt.

Mr. Briton, who had seen the splendid way in which the terrier had behaved, and how he had tried to attract the bull's attention from his young master to himself, patted Chummy kindly, and as he lifted his little boy off the apple-tree he said—

"Well, evidently Chummy thinks that one good turn deserves another. You saved his life, my boy, and now he has certainly saved yours."

"Have you really, Chum?" asked his little master. But all the answer he received was an affectionate lick, enough to say, "There, there, don't make a fuss over me. I liked doing it."

After this very exciting adventure the terrier and Hal were, if possible, greater chums than ever.

SELINA AND HER DOLL.

BY C.

"I SHOULD like to have a large wax doll of my own," said Selina: "large enough for me to make clothes for, with buttons and strings, to fasten and unfasten. I should play with it all day, and undress it at night, and put it in a cradle. It should have eyes to open and shut, and I should shut them at night, and then it would seem to be asleep. How nice it would be!"

Selina was sitting in the garden talking to herself, and did not think that anyone heard her; but her mother had come into the garden, and heard what her little girl was saying.

"You have two or three dolls, Selina," said she.

"Yes, mother, but they are small ones, and I want a very large one. And my dolls have brown hair and black eyes, and I want a doll with blue eyes and light hair, and one that can open and shut its eyes like Cousin Bella's.

And Selina looked up at her mother.

"Mother, will you buy one for me?"

"I am afraid that I cannot buy one for you. I have not so much as your Aunt Sarah has to spend upon dolls and playthings."

Selina was silent for a moment, then she said

"Yes, I know that. Mother, I do not care about the large doll. I will make some new clothes for my small ones, and try to think that they are large."

"That is a good child," said her mother; "and perhaps some day I shall be able to get a larger one for you."

So Selina tried to think no more of her Cousin Bella's large doll, and her mother gave her a piece of muslin to make a frock for one of her own dolls, and some blue ribbon for a sash

Selina sewed away merrily, and she and her mother talked over a letter that had come from her father, who was in France, and who said he hoped to be home again in a day or two.

"And tell Selina that I have got a box for her, with a present inside."

"I wonder what it is?" said Selina.

She had not long to wait, for two days after they had had the letter her father came. They were very glad to see him; and he was very glad to see them. And for a little time Selina forgot all he had said about a present. But her father said—

"Well, Selina, you have not asked about your present."

"Oh dear no! I had quite forgotten," said Selina. "What is it?"

"That you must find out," said her father.

So Selina had the box opened.

"Oh, mother, mother! look, look! It is the most beautiful doll I have ever seen—a more beautiful doll than Cousin Bella's, and it has light hair and blue eyes, and is as large as a baby."

"I bought it in Paris," said her father. "They make very wonderful dolls there—dolls that can speak; and this doll that I have bought for my little Selina can say 'Mamma' and 'Papa.'"

How pleased was Selina with her doll! Her father showed her how to press the doll to make it speak, and all Selina's little friends came to see the wonderful French doll that could say "Mamma" and "Papa."

A LITTLE DEAR.—"I suppose you have something pretty in scarfs, miss?"

"Oh, yes," said the rosy-cheeked girl, handing down a package; "here's some blue satins for half-a-dollar; just too sweet for anything."

"I think you are a little dear," he said, with a pleasant smile.

"You are very complimentary," she replied, her cheeks covered with crimson in a trice.

When he thought how he had been misunderstood, he blushed, and stammered—

"Oh, I beg pardon, miss; I didn't mean to say you were a dear. I mean—"

"Never mind; there are plenty of young men who think so. Good-morning."

When he turned away her blushes were gone, and his face looked as if he had his foot tangled in a lady's train.

BAY RUM.—Bay rum is manufactured in Dominica from the dried leaves of Pimenta acris. Bay rum is procured by distillation, and this in a very simple manner. The leaves are picked from the trees and then dried; in this state they are placed in the retort, which is then filled with water and the process of distillation is carried on. The vapor is then condensed in the usual way and forms what is known as "bay oil," a very small quantity of which is required for each puncheon of rum. The manufacture of bay rum is carried on at the northern end of Dominica, and proves a very lucrative business to those engaged in it, as the plants are plentiful in this district.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago has about 200 millionaires.

In battle only one ball out of 85 takes effect.

Fewer suicides occur in Ireland than in any country.

Berlin's 1,315,800 people have only 21,000 dwellings.

Naturalists assert that a healthy swallow will devour 600 flies every day.

Borneo, it is claimed, makes a beer from pepper which is very enjoyable.

The heat of the sun penetrates the soil of this country to a depth of 60 feet.

The bell on a church at Cedar Farm, Indiana, it is claimed, can be heard seven miles.

A horse at Osceola, Missouri, it is claimed, stands 17 hands high and weighs 1840 pounds.

There are now 7000 loan associations in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

Fourteen-year-old Kate Harbin is conducting a series of revival meetings at Jeffersonville, Ind.

There will be Irish peasants in a reproduction of the ruins of Donegal Castle at the World's Fair.

Among the late inventions is a sewing needle provided with a beveled-shaped eye for easy threading.

Among the wealthy classes of Japan it is considered undignified to ride a horse going faster than a walk.

Ripe Southern tomatoes now sell for 50 cents a pound in New York. Hothouse tomatoes sell for $1 a pound at the fancy fruit stores.

It is claimed that there is a lighthouse to every 14 miles of coast in England, to every 34 miles in Ireland, and to every 39 miles in Scotland.

The carelessness of householders in London is shown by the fact that 26,336 doors and windows were found open by the police at night in one year.

A Troy man has invented a kodak which, it is said, makes an exposure of only 1-546 of a second—just half the time required by any other now in use.

The late poet John G. Whittier's estate, at Amesbury, Mass., has been inventoried at $183,709. The poet's gold watch and chain were appraised at $25

According to the statistics of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, a railway passenger stands but one chance in 10,923,135 to be killed while travelling.

A Parisian meteorologist has written a book of 300 pages to prove that the electricity of thunderstorms is caused by the friction of raindrops on hailstones.

A dog at New Haven, Connecticut, being the object of much abuse, committed suicide a few days ago by jumping out of the third-story window of a factory.

By the last census the total wealth of the United States is $63,000,000,000; and the total capital invested in manufactures $2,900,775,884, or but 5 per cent. of the whole.

A resident of Rocky Ford, Georgia, has quite a curiosity in the shape of two potatoes joined together, one having grown through the other and come out on the other side.

Turfmen have started a night school at Guttenburg, New Jersey, for jockeys. The pupils, numbering over 300, range from 6 to 20 years of age, and more than half those are colored.

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of known human beings—that is, taken as an average. The height of a full grown Andamanian seldom exceeds 3½ feet, and few weigh over 65 pounds.

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It measures in all 4,473 miles. Another canal running from Astrachan to St. Petersburg is 1,424 miles long. Both of these were begun by Peter the Great.

There are no less than 10 combinations of the number 13 on one side of the new quarter-dollar. What, with its eagle's beak, and claws, and arrowheads, the new quarter seems to have left the 13 superstition in a sadly torn up condition—in fact, to have shown it no quarter.

The State of Oregon has 36 nurseries, covering 1570 acres, and containing about 900,000 young trees, and orchardists have upwards of 100,000 acres of growing trees. One-half of this acreage is in prunes, one-fourth in apples, one-tenth in apples, and the remainder in various kinds of fruits.

For the present Queen of Italy the late Emperor Frederick of Germany but what has been termed a "sentimental adoration." At one of the balls held in honor of her nuptials, her dress was torn when dancing with him. Stooping down, with a pair of pocket scissors, he cut off the trailing portion, pinned up the rent, and carried off the remnant as a relic. The Queen was godmother to one of his daughters, who was christened after her.

THE ROBIN.

BY SUSANNA J.

In empty woodlands lone and still
Where now the clinging mists lie low,
The robin sings his music shrill,
Unheard when sweeter measures flow.

He carols 'mid the branches bare,
Sole minstrel of a silent throng.
In sunless days that ill could spare
That glowing breast and cheery song.

He touches us, who, sad at heart,
Toil ceaseless through our anxious days,
How good it were to stand apart
And find our joy in songs of praise.

He has no store or gift besides,
His Summer like our own is past;
Yet blithe content with him abides,
And all his cares aside are cast.

READING OF EMINENT MEN.

A prominent politician incidentally mentioned the other day that it had long been a weakness of his to read in bed, and that in this way he had gone through Boswell's "Johnson" six times.

Lord Melbourne had the same habit. Person pored over a book in coaches, and, indeed, everywhere else; and Macaulay read in the streets and over the breakfast table.

Byron and Burns, Rousseau and Beaconsfield, also devoured a meal and a book at the same time.

"When I have no company I always wish to read while eating," wrote the man of sentiment. "It seems a substitute for society, and I despatch alternately a page and a morsel; and 'tis indeed as if my book dined with me."

The great statesman once said that when dining alone at home he had an understanding with his cook that there must be a few minutes' interval between one course and the next, and that that interval he invariably devoted to reading one of the classical authors.

Gibbon accomplished his vast reading only by taking very little exercise. He once spent some little time with Lord Sheffield in the country and when about to go away the servants could not find his hat.

"Bless me," exclaimed the historian, "I certainly left it in the hall on my arrival here!" He had not gone outside the doors during the whole of his visit.

We see, then, that in some cases adequate reading can only be obtained by a careful economy of time. Another lesson which biography teaches is that mechanical contrivances are so useful as aids to successful reading that few men—particularly speakers or writers—can afford to do without them.

Some men are content with the practice, sanctioned by the great names of Gibbon, Daniel Webster, and Lord Stratford, of always before reading a book jotting down the questions they expect to find answered in it.

John Morley confesses somewhere that he has occasionally done so, and never without advantage; and he commends to young men that method of ensuring guarded attention.

Others mark their books according to some such system as that advocated by Todd in his "Student's Manuel," and, when adapted to individual requirements, a very good system it is. Thus, Mr. Gladstone indicates important passages by making an upright cross, a line down the side, or a V, all of which signs represent different degrees of N.B.; and when he wishes to express disapproval he writes the Italian word ma (bad), or makes a wavering line.

The right honorable gentleman also utilizes the blank pages at the end of a volume to index anything he may require for future use.

It is his habit, too, to have three books in reading at the same time, and to change from one to another when his mind has reached the limit of absorption; and it is said that this is a necessary corrective to men of his frame of mind, which is such that he can only think of one thing at one time.

The exact opposite has, of course, been affirmed over and over again. But this by the way.

Rogers, the poet, likewise preserved a means of apt and ready reference to the salt of his reading, and so did the late Dean Burgon. Both made indices on the blank pages of volumes, and both, too, wrote in their books, though not according to a system such as that of Mr. Gladstone.

Darwin also penned notes or a summary at the end of some works he read. Hence the very many references we find in his writings. His general plan, however, was to use the scissors freely, and to mutilate even bulky volumes of value, and classify his cuttings in portfolios of different colors according to their subjects.

Another naturalist—Buckland—read such ephemeral literature as newspapers with the scissors in his hand. Like Bancroft, the historian, he believed that many articles worthy of preservation appear in them.

Then there are many men much given to making marginal notes—criticisms, references to parallel passages and so on. It is an old "weakness," as it has often been called, this of annotating books, and a sort of infirmity of literary minds, though it is allowed that Hartley Coleridge's best work is his marginalia. Burns declared that he would not give a straw for a book in which he could not write his thoughts. Poe, who published many of his annotations, or what purported to be such, took care in buying books to get those of ample margin. "This," he said, "not so much through any love of the thing itself, however agreeable, as for the facility it affords me of penciling suggested thoughts, agreements and differences of opinion, or brief critical comments in general. Where what I have to note is too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin, I commit it to a slip of paper, and deposit it between the leaves, taking care to secure it by an imperceptible portion of gum tragacanth paste."

To a single magazine Poe sent in one batch the manuscript for fifty printed pages of marginalia.

Leigh Hunt covered his books with delicate pencillings, and Thackeray his with humorous and characteristic drawings suggested by the text. But Coleridge was the most copious of that class "who write in books," as one of the diarists puts it. His notes, we are told by Charles Lamb, were "written in no very clerkly hand," and "in matter oftentimes, and almost in quantity not infrequently," vied "with the originals."

In his reading Southey took a wider field than Buckle, and went through literature much faster. Carlyle sucked the marrow out of a book in a very short time—for an ordinary volume half an hour sufficed; for an extraordinary one, three or four hours.

Grains of Gold.

Inexperienced men think all things easy.

We are bound to be honest, but not to be rich.

It is a bad action that success cannot justify.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Scorn no man for his poverty; honor no man for his wealth.

He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.

It is not the burden, but the overburden that kills the beast.

Worth has been under-valued ever since wealth was over-valued.

It is surprising how well we can stand the misfortunes of our friends.

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

To all men the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, and never excuses himself.

Always look at your worries through the wrong end of an opera glass. Examine your joys with a microscope.

Femininities.

Foxine, a new color, is a reddish lilac.

The very long mourning veil is surely going out of use.

How to become perfect—Follow the advice you give to others.

A co-operative laundry, to be run by women, is being considered in England.

A pool-room for the exclusive use of women is to be opened at Covington, Kentucky.

The announcement is made that the nightcap is coming back into fashion among the ladies.

It is an odd thing about the fashionable debutante that she's not in it until she comes out.

"Is Miss Hinote a good singer?" "She must be. Every other girl in the choir seems to dislike her."

Weaving cigar ribbons into mats is the latest fad of the girl whose best masculine friend smokes.

Maud—"Why do you think Alice is vain?" May—"The other day I heard her say she looked like me."

Did you ever notice how idiotic the snuffle of a pretty girl is—when it is directed toward someone else?

Mr. Hownow: "Miss Passee, what is your opinion of the coming man?" Miss Passee: "That he is very, very slow."

Mrs. Adelbert Branning, of White Mills, Penna., lately presented her husband with a daughter that only weighed, it is said, one pound and a half.

Silver name checks to attach to traveling bags are shown among new things in small silver. These make a pretty gift for either a man or a woman.

John W. Grantham, a resident of Johnston county, North Carolina, has seven grown daughters, six of whom are married, all to men whose baptismal name is John.

All the ladies who, less than a year ago, formed a cooking club at Washington, D. C., have since that time captured husbands; and the cooking club has "gone to pot."

Mrs. Stewart, who keeps a large boarding house at Fargo, N. D., and possesses considerable executive ability, is a candidate for Alderwoman of the Fifth ward of that town.

The oldest armchair in the world is the throne used by the Queen of Egypt. It is made of ebony, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

A unique feature of a recent Texas bull fight was the presence of a woman bull fighter, who displayed great skill in wielding the steel-pointed flags, and great agility in getting out of the way of the maddened animals.

A German woman, Frau Dr. von Wettstein Adels, spent three months as a common factory hand at Chemnitz and in the neighborhood, working in five different factories, gathering material for a work on the subject of women textile workers.

A gifted Vienna ventriloquist very recently imposed upon the Archduchess Stephanie in the sale to her of a high-priced parrot which "could say the Lord's prayer in seven languages." The parrot couldn't speak a word; the ventriloquist had done the sample "prayers."

The phonograph is being put to an excellent use by the Queen of Italy, who, while she often improvises charming little melodies, is unable afterwards to repeat them. A phonograph is, therefore, placed on the piano when she plays, and thus her impromptus are saved from oblivion.

Madame Ribot (the wife of the recently summoned Premier of France who declined to form a Cabinet) is an American lady, who will shine as one of the brightest society stars at the Court of St. James if, as the French people anticipate, her husband shall become the French Minister to England.

Frances Willard claims that the amount of force exerted at a given moment to compress the waists of women by artificial means would, if exaggerated, turn all the mills between Minneapolis and the Merrimac, while the condensed force of their tight shoes, if it could be applied, would run many trains.

Conjurer, pointing to a large open cabinet: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the last item on the programme. I will ask any lady in the company to step on the platform and get into this cabinet. I will then shut the door. When I open it again the lady will have disappeared without leaving a trace." Gentleman, aside to his wife: "I say, Matilda, you do me the favor an I walk up."

An Arab woman, when left a widow, mourns her husband devoutly, but like other widows, if she has the opportunity, she may be married again. The night before her second marriage she pays a visit to her husband's grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels he will be offended, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goat skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water on the grave to keep the first husband cool under the circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him she then departs.

Masculinities.

Financial circles—silver dollars.

There is a woman's political club in New York city.

One half the world doesn't let his better half know how he lives.

You never could persuade a horse-car driver that women know enough to vote.

George Spillers, 67 years old, of Farmland, Ind., is said to turn handsprings with the agility of youth.

The man who has a kind word for everybody does more good than a surly one could do with money.

It is a curious fact, and one difficult to account for, that the red-headed girl is not afraid of a white mouse.

There are men who always take out their watches with an air that seems to say they know the sun is wrong.

A person was lately baptized in the creek at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, owing to the fact of the church font being out of repair.

Mother: "Now, children, you must be very good to-day, for your father has hurt his hand, and if you are naughty he cannot whip you."

It is a great deal easier to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning the evening before than it is when 6 o'clock in the morning really arrives.

The third son of the President of France is a private in the French army, waiting for his admission to the Ecole Polytechnique.

John Budd, who lives near Jasper, Indiana, claims to have killed an American eagle recently which measured 8 feet 10 inches from tip to tip.

He (after a rejection)—"You'll be sorry for this." She—"I know it, but (with resignation) it will not be until after I have married some one else."

The violin upon which, it is claimed, the wedding march was played at George Washington's marriage, is in the possession of a musical society at Sunbury, this State.

The tresses attached to the heads of dolls are the hair of the Angora goat. Its product, which is controlled by an English syndicate, is said to be worth $10,000,000 a year.

"I had a most delightful dream," said Mrs. Gilley at the breakfast table. "What was it?" asked her husband. "I dreamed that I was a widow and about to be married to a very rich man."

A resident of Burke county, Georgia, has a couple of peculiar fowls—a cross between a common barnyard chicken and a guinea. Their plumage is darker than that of a partridge, while they are speckled as a guinea.

There is a revival in white-and-gold china, though it is not the white with plain gold bands of our grandmothers' day. White, powdered with gold stars or flecks, or plain centres, with beaded gold margins, are modern effects in the combination.

The Indian Government is going to curtail, possibly abolish, the trial by jury. It has been found unsuitable to Eastern conditions, and has been but little practiced. Out of 23,000 cases in the Bengal Presidency last year there were only 25 trials by jury.

Among the advertisements for curates recently was one for a bachelor, who must be an "earnest Evangelistic Catholic without a moustache." The church which wanted him was described as in a "healthy, bracing, and lovely district," observing all the "six points" of ritual in its worship.

Very few boots and shoes are imported into Mexico. There are many tanneries in Mexico and a superabundance of shoemakers making to measure. The shoe almost universally worn in Mexico by men, women and children, and even babies, has a very high, sloping heel, and long, pointed toe.

David H. Ames, of Jeffersonville, Ills., who celebrated the 100th anniversary on Sunday, weighs over 300 pounds, has never, it is said, expended $25 for doctors, never used intoxicants, but has been a user of tobacco for 85 years. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and has never missed voting for a President from Monroe to Harrison. His father lived to be 102 years old and was a soldier in the Revolution.

It came high, but Green Bartlett, a Santa Anna, Cal., man determined to be independent. He therefore went into Trinity county and killed a deer out of season. For this he was arrested and fined $500. To still further assert his American independence he went out again the next day and shot another deer. He was again arrested and for the second offence was fined 1000 and sentenced to five hundred days in jail.

The best way to preserve a gun from rusting is to have a ring of zinc soldered round the barrel, or, if it is not convenient to do this, to have a long strip of zinc soldered out of sight underneath the barrel. The galvanic action which is excited between the zinc and the iron effectually prevents the oxidation of either metal, and as long as the zinc remains in contact with the iron not a particle of rust will appear on either the inside or outside of the barrel.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A tragedian once came to a dead halt in the middle of a lofty passage, just after saying, "I was in Rome, and then—" But what he did on that occasion had slipped his mind. He glanced at the prompter, but that official had fallen asleep over his book. He stamped, but the prompter slept on. Thereupon he calmly knelt and shook the poor prompter until he awoke, when he thundered in his ear—

"Come, now, you loafer, what was I doing in Rome?"

A comedian, greeted with a hiss the moment he came on the stage, said to the actor who was playing the part of his servant—

"Be good enough to close the window. I hear the wind whistling."

Lemaitre, entrusted with the tragic part, was so behindhand in reaching the theatre that the stage manager was nearly distracted. When he appeared, the stage manager, who had a part in the piece, went on the stage wearing his spectacles, which in his excitement he forgot to remove. Lemaitre noticed the singular look of his companion, and to warn him changed his lines, and said—

"What! are thine eyes with watchings and despair
So weakened that these wonders you must wear?"

This so tickled the prompter that he fell off his seat with a great racket. There was confusion all over the house, but the quick-witted Lemaitre prevented a disturbance by shouting—

"Hearest thou that noise? 'Twere wise in my belief
To seek within for shelter and relief."

And he disappeared, dragging the astounded stage manager along with him.

Gil Perez was playing the part of an old servant. It was very warm, and as he stood in the wing he took off his white wig. Suddenly, hearing his cue, he entered without donning his wig. Numa, his companion in the scene, seeing his plight, could hardly refrain from laughing, but said, calmly—

"It is not you whom I want, my friend; it is your father."

Perez returned to the wing, seized his wig, put it on, returned, and with equal coolness said—

"Warned by my son, I have hastened hither."

Numa in another piece had to be very gay, and to dance as he cried out, "Oh! if I only had a pair of castinets."

His companion, wishing to disconcert him, had provided a pair, which he drew from his pocket, saying, "Here are what you want."

But Numa was not so easily caught. "All right," said he, "as you have them with you, suppose you play them."

In a very serious drama a prisoner was obliged to read aloud a letter which the gaoler brought to him. It was a long letter, and to save himself the trouble of committing it to memory the actor had been accustomed to have the actual letter handed to him. One evening the gaoler thought it would be a good joke to hand the prisoner a blank sheet of paper. The prisoner starting to read it was for a moment thrown off his balance. But recovering himself he said, with the most serene calmness—

"Gaoler!"

"Monsieur?"

"I am obliged to make an vowel to you. Brought up by parents of low estate, I do not know how to read! I beg that you will have the goodness to acquaint me with the contents of this letter."

The snarer was snared, but his wit saved him too. After nervously fumbling the letter the gaoler said—

"Willingly, but I must go and look for my spectacles."

Naturally, he brought back with his spectacles the genuine letter.

DYNAMITE FOR FARMERS.—One of the latest methods for loosening the earth to a depth of two or three feet and allowing the absorption of considerable moisture in periods of drought is by the use of dynamite electrically fired. The inventor of this ingenious tilling of the soil drills holes two or three feet deep and five feet apart, making sixteen hundred to the acre. In each hole is placed a sufficient quantity of the explosive, connected with a wire leading to the battery, and after the earth is tramped down the whole is discharged by a spark.

You need not despair! Salvation Oil will heal your burnt arm without a scar. 25 cents.

BENIGHTED IN THE ALPS.

In August, 1880, Mr. J. Baumann, with two guides, attempted the ascent of the Aiguille du Plan, a peak which had then never been scaled from the Chamounix side. The party left Chamounix shortly after midnight, depending at first upon the light of the moon, and later, when the moon had set, upon the light of a lantern. Their expectation was to reach the summit in season to go down upon the other side in the afternoon. After seventeen hours of work they found themselves at the base of impossible crags. Says Mr. Baumann:—

"The whole position flashed upon me. We must spend the night where we were; but what a prospect! We had attained an elevation of about eleven thousand five hundred feet; shelter there was none, our stock of provisions was low. The weather looked threatening, and if it should become really bad, I shrank from measuring what might follow.

"At that very moment a volume of heavy clouds rolled down and hid Chamounix from our view. The sound of the bells tolling for vespers were very weird, and seemed of evil omen. For a few moments we stood irresolute; then crawled to the brink of the ridge and peered over. Our last hope was gone, for the rocks descended in sheer, smooth precipices.

"Fortunately there was a cleft in the rocks on the other side, into which we packed ourselves. We then cut three flat places in the ice on which to stand, fixed the end of our rope to a projecting knob of rock to prevent ourselves from slipping over the ledge of the precipice, and tried to resign ourselves to circumstances.

"To be benighted high up on a mountain is not an unusual occurrence; but our situation was aggravated by well-grounded fears, and I must confess that I felt despondent.

"If fresh snow fell, which the state of the sky warned us was by no means improbable, our steps would be obliterated, the rocks would be glazed with ice, and our retreat would be cut off. Cloud-like mists were chasing each other with fantastic energy, chilling us to the marrow, and I feared that we should not be able to withstand their benumbing influence through the long watches of the night.

"There we stood back to back, our teeth chattering with cold—ceaselessly stamping our feet and clapping our hands until the movement became almost mechanical. We rarely spoke; each was too much occupied by his own thoughts, and when we tried to cheer each other up, our voices had an unnatural tremor, due to our chilled and exhausted condition.

"The one feeling that prevailed above all others was an intense desire for warmth. I believe I dozed occasionally, and awoke now and then with a start out of pleasant dreams, perhaps of some cosy fireside, to find myself still on that infernal ledge. But all things must have an end. The dawn came at last, and our spirits rose. After all, were we not still safe and sound?

"At five o'clock we nerved ourselves for a start. One never knows what one can accomplish until one is put to it. We were obliged to descend places which the day before we had pronounced impossible to descend, and the impossibility vanished; and about eight hours after leaving our night quarters we eagerly clutched once more the rocks of the Blaitiere."

THE BITER BITTEN.—A grandfather, was recently amicably chatting with his granddaughter, who was seated on his knee.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little maiden asked.

"I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," said his lordship, with a reckless disregard for truth.

"Oh!" said her little ladyship, regarding her distinguished relative with wondering interest, "are you Noah?"

"No; I am not Noah."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No; I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"I am not even Ham."

"Then you must be Japhet," insisted the little girl, at the end of her historical tether, and growing somewhat impatient with the difficulty which surrounded her aged relative's identification.

"No; I am not Japhet," said his lordship, wagging his head, intensely enjoying the joke.

"Then, grandpa," said the little maiden, firmly and decisively, "you are a beast!"

ALL who are exposed to the weather should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy.

WONDERFUL RIDES.

A Cossack officer named Pesohkoff has been recently riding a common, and, at the outset, an untrained, Cossack pony from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He started, at the beginning of the year, from the town of Blagovestchuisk on the Siberian shores of the former ocean, with the intention of ultimately completing the feat at Havre or Rouen; and he reached St. Petersburg—the distance to which, from the east coast of the exile land, is about five thousand miles—at the end of May. Coming down by Berlin and Paris another fifteen hundred would have to be added.

Horsemanship is dear to men of many nations, and daring and memorable rides have been numerous. The great Moorish tower of the Cathedral of Seville, in Spain, called La Giralda, is said to have been ascended on horseback by Ferdinand the Seventh.

By George Borrow's account the story is possibly a true one. The tower had a vaulted pathway in the manner of an inclined plane, and not excessively steep. So that, though the elevation was great, and the risk such as to deter any but a reckless cavalier, the top was not absolutely inaccessible to a rider with a good seat.

One of the heroes of Hungarian records is Count Sandor. He was a wild and eccentric nobleman, ever striking surprise into the public mind by his achievements in driving and riding. In the town of Pesth there is a long and lofty flight of steps connecting an upper street with a lower.

A picture is in existence painted by the Frankfort artist Prestel, some time Court painter to the Duke of Nassau, which represents the count tooling a coach and team of four horses down this dangerous passage. It was a real event, and Prestel was by the driver's side and shared the peril of the hour. Nor did it stand alone for its rashness.

Sandor took his horses almost anywhere and everywhere. He scorned obstacles, whether walls, fences, or rivers. As the years go on, his mad rides will fade into the legendary, and it is likely that some critic will arise and prove them impossible. No circus master could vie with the strangeness of Count Sandor's freaks.

Better authenticated is the celebrated accomplishment of a wager by a Mr. Woodcock, riding on behalf of Mr. Shafto. Here it was not one horse, but a succession that were engaged, and the chief things shown were good judgment in selecting and endurance on the part of the rider. Mr. Shafto had undertaken to produce a person who would cover a hundred miles per day for twenty-nine days with twenty-nine different horses.

The chances were that a breakdown would occur at some point, but in the test the conditions were strictly fulfilled, and the whole 2,900 miles were made by the same rider on the indicated number of mounts and within the time.

RUSSIAN ASTUTENESS.—A Greek vessel was lying at anchor, not long since, in a harbor in the Black Sea, and being rather a suspicious-looking craft, an Excise officer was ordered to keep watch on its movements. The captain was anxious to perform some illegal operation with his ballast, but he found it impossible to escape the vigilance of the officer so he determined to make it worth his while to wink both his eyes.

As, however, the Russian understood no Greek, and the Greek was quite ignorant of Russian, the proposal had to be made in dumb show. After indicating in pantomime what he wanted to do with the ballast, the skipper wrote down on a slip of paper "Ten roubles." The Excise officer read the paper, and then promptly wrote underneath it "One hundred roubles." This was more than the Greek felt inclined to pay, and the negotiations fell through.

The affair, however, reached the ears of the authorities, and the Greek was arrested. In the court he retaliated on his accuser by producing the document which had been the medium of negotiation between them.

"Did you write this?" asked the judge of the witness, as he pointed to the words "One hundred roubles."

"I did, your honor," stolidly answered the Excise officer.

"Then you demanded a bribe?" retorted the judge.

"No, your honor."

"Pray explain yourself," said the judge in his severest tones.

"The prisoner offered me ten roubles, and I told him I would not do what he wanted for one hundred roubles."

REVENGED.—There are circumstances in which the most truthful and creditable statements may be both misleading and unwelcome. During a certain voyage of a vessel, the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day, and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offence, the captain excused him, and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate has been drunk all day."

The next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log, he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes; but, it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand—it had better stand."

The next afternoon the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made he found this item: "The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate, and thundered, "What do you mean by putting down that entry? What was the need, I say? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand—it had better stand."

The mate then took his departure hastily, in dodging the marlingspike as he went.

WEALTH.—Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell and never puts it out but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation; who looks upon his fellow-creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord; as if they were for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandisement; such a man may be rich, but he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great.

There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness to cheer the wayworn pilgrim. You may wish to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction.

Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, who in various ages have blessed the world; was it their wealth that made them great?

No. Where the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Epaminondas, of Fabricius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in their mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized; and such alone are treasures that are worth a serious struggle.

PATENTS

Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞ This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

FREE PORTRAITS —AND— FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our **enlarged life-like** portraits (together with frame complete), **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.** This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our life portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN **GOOD FAITH**, and we will forfeit **ONE HUNDRED** dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame **FREE** as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to **Brooklyn Art Union**, 622 Harry Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Cos. in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The holiday number of "Our Little Ones And The Nursery" is filled from cover to cover with good reading for younger readers. Published at Boston.

"The Magazine of American History" for January, with its rich and varied contents, will be found a veritable treasure for all interested in the career of this country. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the January issue of "Lippincotts" is "A Pacific Encounter," by Mary E. Stickney, illustrated. The other articles are of the usual high class for which this magazine is noted.

"The Quarterly Illustrator" is a magazine devoted to illustrations. It altogether can be commended to those who have occasion to make use of pictorial matter of any kind. Published at New York.

"St. Nicholas" starts the New Year even more interesting and better as to reading matter and pictures than ever. Not only the young but the old will find a big treat in its pages. Published at New York.

"Wide Awake" for January comes in an elegant new cover, with new varieties of beautiful type and all its old excellence in pictures, stories, poetry, and other reading matter. Published at Boston, New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for January contains some twenty fine, interesting articles, many illustrated, on the most advanced forms of the popular science of the day. Published at New York.

A TRAIN (ITALY) doctor has the following notice affixed to his portal: "Prof. Ricca.—The said Prof. Ricca will use for making his salves live snakes and large serpents, wolves, bears, monkeys, marmots, weasels and numerous other kinds of wild animals, alive and in good condition."

MUSICAL CIGARS.—It is stated that a cigar is about to be put on the market which enables the possessor to enjoy not only an excellent smoke, but also excellent music. This novel cigar is lit in the usual manner, and as soon as it begins to burn an entrancing melody steals forth from its interior.

RAT-PROOF.—The best way to make a rat-proof corn crib is to line it with half-inch wire mesh. Rats will not attempt to pass through wire, as gnawing wire is not in their line of work. It will pay to use the wire, as a single family of rats will destroy more corn than the wire will cost.

A Great Railroad Move.

The Reading Railroad Co., announces that it has perfected arrangements of a very important character with the Finance Company, of which Mr. George H. Earle, Jr., has lately become President. It is a well known fact that for many years the Reading has sought by various ways to separate the large commercial business conducted by the Coal and Iron Company from its railroad business proper, and the present arrangement effectually separates the two, so far as conducting the finances of the Coal and Iron Company are concerned. Commencing January, 1889, the Finance Company will become the commercial agents of the Reading Coal and Iron Company. The Coal Company's organization will continue to handle and distribute the coal and conduct all the details as heretofore, and the management will be of such character as will secure the Finance Company perfectly in all advances made, while the Coal Company will not lose the advantages of its faithful and trained employees.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE
GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

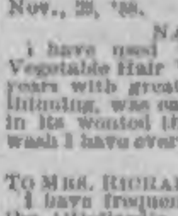
$3 FREE
A fine 14 gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch, pay our express agent $3.00 and express charges and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it to us any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you will so cause the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. When at once as we want to introduce our watches in this vicinity. 14K
THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

RUPTURE

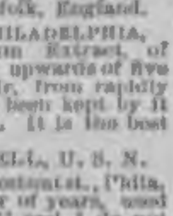
PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.
Call or write for Philadelphia Bank References.
We refer you to 2,500 patients.
No Operation. No Detention from Business.
Written guarantee to absolutely Cure all kinds of Rupture of either sex without use of knife or syringe, no matter of how long standing. Examination Free. Send for Circular.
THE O. E. MILLER CO.
Rooms 503 to 508 Mutual Life Bldg.
10th & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS!
If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our enlarged life-like CRAYON PORTRAIT absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to us. (Established in 1876.) References: Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free of charge. Address all letters to
TANQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.
Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.
MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.
CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a vile disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address.
John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords to accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—
THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT
PENSIONS
ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now PARTIALLY or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.
WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.
CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.
PARENTS are entitled if soldier LEFT NEITHER WIDOW SON CHILD, provided soldier DIED IN SERVICE, OR FROM EFFECTS OF SERVICE, and they are now DEPENDENT upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.
Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for HIGHER RATES UNDER OTHER LAWS, WITHOUT LOSING ANY RIGHTS.
Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the OLD LAW are entitled to HIGHER RATES under NEW LAW, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, WHETHER DUE TO SERVICE OR NOT.
Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.
Survivors, and their widows, of the BLACK HAWK, CREEK, CHEROKEE, and SEMINOLE or FLORIDA INDIAN WARS of 1832 to 1842, ARE ENTITLED UNDER A RECENT ACT.
MEXICAN WAR SOLDIERS and their widows ALSO ENTITLED, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.
Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.
Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.
Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.
Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,
THE PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUGET SOUND is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close in the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the
FAIRHAVEN
WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current number of
THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,
published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most effectious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidising the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.
BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SHELSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.
BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.
Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

She stood in the weird first twilight,
By the fire of the gypsy camp,
Surrounded by shadows, half-startled
By the crackle of horses' tramp;
New England, blue-eyed and slender,
And Italy, haggard and fell;
The past had been spoken—the future
Those ominous lips should foretell.

"My husband," she blushed, "shall I see him
Ere the maples turn into gold?"
"Your husband," she pondered, "your husband,
Ere olives are picked you behold:
His face is handsome and manly,
His hand has the grasp of a king;
Ask not beyond this for the harvest,
Know only how fair is the Spring."

"In palace, or cottage, or castle,
In city or town shall we live?"
"Ah, daughter, you ask of the future
More than you wish I could give.
If the hand that shall guard and protect you
Has love in its press, ne'er complain;
Your home shall be sweeter for dreaming,
Though your castle's—a castle in Spain."

—C. K. B.

Hadn't Been Out All Day.

Maid: "Please, ma'am, may I have this afternoon off?"

Mistress: "Why, Annie, you were out all last evening."

Maid: "Yes, ma'am, I know it, ma'am, but that was yesterday, ma'am."

A good investment—church bonds.

Stops at nothing—the ten numerals.

Breakers ahead—the record-breakers.

An old-timer—your great-grandfather's clock.

Frozen pavements are a pretty sure sign of fall.

Black and blue—The negro who has lost on the races.

"That watch Hardduppe sold me turned out to have rusty works." "I don't wonder; it had been in soak for three months."

Mrs. Smartlicity says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

Blobbs: "Ah, me! I wonder why it is that time goes so swiftly?" Wigwag: "Perhaps the spur of the moment urges it on."

Friend: "Why, there isn't another woman in the world like your wife." Mr. H. N. Peek: "Think not? Well, I believe I'll get a divorce and marry again."

Cooney Cohen: "Mein son, vy did you guarantee dot overcoat to last Mr. Nixy as long as he lives?" Young Cohen: "Fader, he has heart disease—he dies any minute."

Mrs. Dix: "Isn't your mother very glad you have recovered from the whooping cough?" Dick: "I don't believe so, ma'am; you can't think how it amused the baby."

Wife: "Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbors with his drum?" Husband: "I'm afraid so; the man next door made him a present of a nice new knife to-day."

Briggs: "The father of the girl Fiddlebuck is going to marry gives them a house and lot, and her mother furnishes all her clothes, besides giving her an income."

Griggs: "What does Fiddlebuck do?"

Briggs: "I understand he is going to buy his own cigarettes."

"I don't see your son about anywhere," said a traveling man to a merchant whom he called on. "Is he out of the city?"

"Yes."

"Pursuing his studies?"

"I think he is pursuing his studies, but from what I can hear I don't think he has much chance of catching up to them."

"Yes, I want a good cook and general housemaid," said the woman of the house, "but $5 a week seems pretty high."

"I never work for less, mom."

"What will you expect in the way of afternoons out?"

"You can hev two afternoons out durin' the week, mom," said the caller stiffly.

LATEST FAD.

Just how pretty a woman can look no one ever knows until she gets a ball dress on, and her satisfaction is something beautiful as she steps out before her admiring relatives. Who shall say what comfort and courage she finds in their appreciation? It is well for some of us when the love and tenderness of our own can make us believe that we are lovely in a

BALL GOWN.

gown that may have a hundred shortcomings. As long as one does not know that her dress looks old, or that her gloves show traces of the frequent cleanings, or her shoes are frayed, she may be happy; but if she does learn those unhappy facts what does she not suffer? She is at odds with herself and the world, including even her sweetheart. So let us hope that every girl can have a dress for balls as handsome as the one which present this week. This gown was imported from Paris all done up in tissue paper and oiled silk.

It is of rich orange colored satin and white china crape. The train is of satin, and so are the corsage and sleeves. The crape is drawn across the bust in an effective and graceful style and outlined with double rows of wax pearl beads, and a fringe of the same hangs from the lower edge.

The front of the skirt is laid in knife plaiting from top to bottom, but is held by a band of Persian embroidery, on which are posed four bunches of flowers with their foliage. Below this is a row of beads, with festoons of pearl beads that hang loosely. The corsage is the same in the back, but without the fringe of beads.

The empire designs are being curiously blended with the styles of twenty years before the empire, as witness the enormous sleeves and stiff capes that set out a foot beyond the shoulders on either side, and they are in turn affected by certain fashions in vogue when I was a girl. And they are hoops!

Very many of the new bell shaped and full skirted gowns have from one to three reeds or flat steel hoops run in casings to make them set out around the bottom. It has been tried systematically every fall and winter for five years to make us take to hoops again, but so far the American women have managed to keep out of their ungraceful folds. Still they may find themselves obliged to wear them or be considered out of style.

While making a periodical visit to a large importing house a few days ago I found several new ideas in various things, and one of them was a wonderfully dainty and ladylike gown of gray tricotin, bound with black moire. The basque was cut in turrets, and this also had a binding of the same, and the binding was wadded so that it was nearly round, which gave it a novel and stylish effect. The puffs to the sleeves and the lapels and collar were of gray blue velvet bound in the same manner. This is a happy medium between exaggerated fashion and refined taste.

At the same place was an exceedingly graceful mourning redingote. It is cut to fit closely and has large crape covered buttons in the back and wide facings of crape in front. The sleeves are entirely covered with crape. Around the neck is a thick collar of black ostrich flues. The close bonnet has a little aigret of dull jet and a long veil.

There were several new jackets imported on private orders. They had snug redingote shaped backs and reefer fronts, doubled breasted and reaching about half way to the knees and lined throughout with heavy satin cherry or gold color. There is no trimming whatever on these jackets, which are of the finest and best quality of black broadcloth, and the buttons are silk, just such as are used on gentlemen's coats.

Odds and Ends.

ON DIFFERENT MATTERS OF INTEREST.

A gargle of salt water as hot as can be used is one of the best, as it is one of the simplest, home remedies for sore throat. That persisted in, with a cathartic medicine to clear the system, will cure almost any sore throat that is not diphtheretic.

To shred several stalks of celery with the green heads on into the soup, and boil twenty minutes before straining, imparts a pleasant flavor, or celery salt may be used. A slice of lemon in each soup plate adds an appetizing dash of sourness, which, however, for the children's use it is quite as well without.

An authority says that in boiling macaroni it is fatal to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the saucepan at the boiling point when the sticks are added, and when they are tender throw in a glass of cold water to stop the cooking suddenly, and drain at once. After that it may be served in various ways.

Air beds are the modern thing for the invalid. Nothing can be more restful and comfortable to the sick frame than the relief from the bed fatigue which this invention affords. They are tick covered and readily inflated. The slightest motion alters the position of the occupant, and there is no such thing as a lumpy surface possible beneath them.

Cranberry Sauce.—One quart of cranberries, one pound of granulated sugar, one-half pint of cold water. Boil 15 minutes.

Creamed Turnips.—Pare the turnips and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch in thickness, then cut the slices in strips like a match. Boil these in salted water half an hour. Drain them, plate them in a dish, and cover with cream sauce, made by melting in a small frying-pan, one tablespoonful of butter, adding to it one tablespoonful of flour stir until smooth and then add one pint of milk; stir it constantly until it boils, then season it with one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and pour it over the turnip.

Roast Goose.—A young goose, not more than four months old, is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper, and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also, to moisten it; then put into a pan, and then into the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt. Serve with nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple-butter. Cover the platter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan, then lay the goose upon it.

Goose is usually better to be par-boiled or steamed before baking, as this process extracts the oil. The usual poultry dressing and sauce may be served with it.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.—For twelve people use nine sweet potatoes of good size, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of water. Boil the potatoes fifty minutes; then take them from the fire and pare them. Cut them in halves, lengthwise. Season them generously with salt. Place them, flat side down, in a dripping pan. Put the sugar and water in a soup plate and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Now add the butter and stir over heat until this is melted. Baste the potatoes with this liquid and place the pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes. The potatoes should be brown and glossy when they come from the oven.

Chestnut Sauce for Turkey.—An old-time receipt for chestnut sauce to be eaten with turkey is certainly not difficult to follow. Peel the chestnuts and pour boiling water over them, let them stand a few minutes and then the thin skin that covers them will slip off easily. Then put the chestnuts into a saucepan, and for half a pound of chestnuts allow half a pint of stock, put a little piece of lemon peel into it, let this simmer until the chestnuts are tender, an hour and a half is the time usually required; then rub the whole through a fine sieve, add pepper and a little salt, and half a coffee-cupful of cream; let this simmer gently for a few minutes; if the cream is not thick the sauce may need a little flour to thicken it. This should be very hot when served.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Co. exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect December 4, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.40 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (26th and Chestnut sts., 5 30 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11 30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.30 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.35 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.35, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 4.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.00 a m for Reading and way points.
11.00 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily, Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.35, 5.30, 9.20, 11.45 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.35, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pier or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.25, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.45 p m. Sundays, 9.45 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.08 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m, Sundays, 10.53 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.30, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.30 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
4.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.45 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 8.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.30, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 5.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Bridgeboro week days, 6.00 am, 5.45 pm. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.30 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 8.35, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 6.30, 9.45, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 5.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 629 South Third street, and 1505 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Can Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1967.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agent.

FARMERS HORSEMEN DOG FANCIERS LOVERS OF BIRDS Can obtain 3 valuable books on horses, cows, pigs, poultry, dogs, Canary birds, mocking birds, parrots, pigeons, gold fish, or their proper care & treatment in health & disease, free, by Dr. FRANK PIZER, 603 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Inventor of the oldest, strongest and best Cattle Powder made. 4 doses free, by mail.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 237 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLD-OUTS REMOVED FROM 25 TO 100. AT HOME OUT OF PAY. ADDRESS DR. BIGELOW and PARTNERS, DR. HENRY & CO., 100 Queen Anne's, CHICAGO, ILL.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $25 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION